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The Lessons of Anzus

THE exclusion of Britain from Anzus has led to an outburst of largely misplaced indignation from those who still cling to the old view that the Commonwealth is an organisation for the defence of British imperialism rather than a group of free nations, joined by cultural and economic interest. According to orthodox Commonwealth doctrine, this country is now committed to go to war in defence of the Pacific countries of the Commonwealth without a vote in the caucus which is preparing the strategic plan; further, the military defence of British interests in South-East Asia, traditionally based on India in the North and Australasia in the South, has become unhinged from the defence of the South Pacific. India, on the one hand, is neutral and uncommitted; while Australia and New Zealand have become component parts in the U.S. strategic plan which regards British South-East Asia merely as buffer territory against Communist China.

British efforts to reverse this trend of events have, in spite of much diplomatic acrimony, proved totally unavailing. For all the Tory jargon about imperial unity, a Conservative Government in London has been brushed aside by its counterparts in Canberra and Auckland more brusquely than ever was Mr. Attlee's administration; while Washington has demonstrated once again that if Mr. Churchill is regarded as a sacred cow by virtue of past achievement, he secures but perfunctory homage from the hard-faced planners of the Pentagon.

The direct cause of this important change in Britain's Pacific status is the Japanese Peace Treaty. Rushed through under pressure of a Congress seeking to man-up the crusade against Communism, over the protests of Russia and China, and with the vacillating consent of the outgoing Labour Government, this treaty recreated Japan as a potential great Power without any adequate safeguards. The strongly expressed anxieties of Australia and New Zealand were allayed only by the promise of an American guarantee of their security. It is this guarantee which is now being implemented and which provides the clue to the reality of the present situation. For a British guarantee would have been worthless: it could never have been honoured.

The roots of Anzus, in fact, go far deeper than the Japanese peace treaty. They stem from Britain's mistaken effort to base its foreign policy on a military commitment far beyond its present-day capacity. Once the political situation has been created in which the Australians and New Zealanders require a guarantee which can be given only by the U.S., it is wishful thinking to suppose that Britain can claim to be included in the pact as a special mark of favour. The Americans argue, understandably, that she can contribute little in man-power or material to making it effective, and that her presence would open the door, not only to France and the Netherlands, but also to neutral India. Anzus in a word is the outcome of short-sighted policies in the past; as conditions are now it merely recognises the facts.

Two main conclusions may be drawn from it. First, the unspoken doctrine that Britain must instantly and in all circumstances, come to the military aid of a Commonwealth country involved in war, can no longer be regarded as axiomatic. We do not believe that this automatically leads to the break-up of the Commonwealth. The neutrality of India has for some time suggested that the old assumption of concerted action by the Commonwealth had been challenged; and frictions between Commonwealth countries have in recent years forced Britain into neutrality over some intra-Commonwealth disputes.

The second conclusion, of no less importance, concerns the defence of South-East Asia. British policy has, in the past, regarded South-East Asia as an integral part of U.S.-Commonwealth defence—a vital British interest which would be a primary commitment for the man-power and material of the Western Alliance. There were already signs in the last war that the Americans did not wholly share this view. It follows from the trend of post-war American policy, and from Anzus, that the British possessions in South-East Asia now form little more than the periphery of the U.S. Pacific defence zone—to be defended, if that is possible without distracting from the main commitments of American strategy; to be surrendered, if it is not. If it is still regarded

as a vital British interest that these territories should remain in the Western world, British policy must be directed towards giving them, as quickly as possible, both the means and the will to achieve this. That is a task which is political and economic, and not purely military: it means independence and capital assistance.

Mr. Butler's Tightrope

Mr. Butler's speech at the Conservative Conference followed hard upon his address to the London bankers at the Mansion House—and both upon the publication of the figures showing the balance of payments for the first half of 1952. The figures gave him an excellent start, and he made the most of it. The Conservatives, as well as bankers, gave him an ovation, and he was able to tell his party, with applause, certain things a good many of them are most reluctant to believe. The resolution on which he was speaking (which was carried) called for a drastic elimination of public expenditure. He told his auditors: "If you have big economies you can only get them by big changes of policy. I am not going to be responsible for any big changes of policy which in my view are radically unsound, cruel or unnecessary." In other words, the Conservative leaders—whatever is true of the Conference delegates—are opposed on grounds both of principle and electoral expediency, to a policy of slashing the social services. He is also aware that to slash taxation would mean inflation unless it were accompanied by radical measures he dare not face. We give Mr. Butler credit, apart from all this, for believing in the social services as far as they can be reconciled with his ideas of economic orthodoxy. But that will not stop him from cutting where he can, without disastrous electoral repercussions; for he well knows that there are more difficult times to come, especially for British exports, and all he can promise for 1953 is a harder year. But it says something for him that he told his party: "Nor am I going to slash our public expenditure in response to public resolutions,"—a phrase which strongly suggests his pre-knowledge that the resolution in question would be carried whatever he said.

More for Everybody

Mr. Macmillan takes more notice than Mr. Butler of what the Tory Conference demands. He is determined to have his 300,000 houses, no matter what else has to be given up in order to get them. His slogan at the Conference was "More to let, more to sell, more for everybody." But he admitted by implication that the rise in house-building was in fact partly a by-product of the slowing down of industrial and educational building, which he attributed to the shortage of steel; for he asked whether his critics would have preferred the labour left idle. He also strongly defended his People's House, for which he wished to share the credit with Mr. Dalton, as allowing three houses to be built where two were built before. In July, he said, nearly three-quarters of the new houses started by local authorities were People's Houses—which is an admission that the smaller type, instead of supplementing the larger, is supplanting it, leaving private enterprise to build more for those who can afford a superior article. There is, we agree, a case for the People's House, but none at all for making it the only type to be built for letting by the Councils. On the other questions raised at the Conference—above all, rent restriction—Mr. Macmillan had nothing explicit to say. In these matters the Government is still, no doubt, wondering how far it dare go. But it seems pretty plain that something is in the wind, both about rent restriction and about the "Uthwatt and water" socialisation of land improvement values, which rumour says is likely to be abolished altogether before the date for paying compensation arrives. Meanwhile, the slogan is "More houses for everybody—at least till the steel shortage is over, and the labour is needed elsewhere."

U.N. and the F.B.I.

The admission of the Secretary-General of the United Nations that he has dismissed American nationals as the result of the intervention of the U.S. loyalty-investigators is disquieting. Mr. Trygve Lie has said that he acted on information received from official sources, and not on suspicion or smears; but the General Assembly, if it has any real concern for Human Rights, ought to question closely his criteria of "loyalties." The United Nations, although it happens to be on American soil, is none the less an international body, embracing 60 nations of different ideologies and beliefs; it is supposed to be impartial as to race, religion or politics; its staff takes an oath pledging them, as international civil servants, not to accept direction from, or have traffic with, their own governments in relation to their U.N. activities. Yet U.N. American personnel have already been hied before the McCarran investigating Committee and also before the New York Grand Jury and examined not only as to their past political associations and their present activities outside U.N., but about "tendencies" in U.N. policy and the "deviations" of their colleagues. Furthermore, it is known to the staff of U.N. that the F.B.I. are reporting to the Secretary-General, not only on U.N. personnel, but on the "Un-Americanism" of non-Americans. The members of U.N. staff who enjoy diplomatic immunity are proportionately few but even they can be publicly smeared by McCarthy, without protection by the Secretary-General or any redress except resignation and recourse to the U.S. civil courts. If the Secretary-General of the United Nations has any regard for his own pledges as the servant of the nations, he must protect his staff from the "gum-shoes," the "arm-twisters" and those who are diverting them from their "international civil service" oath.

Next Stage in Egypt

The dismissal of Colonel Mehanna, the most powerful of the three Regents appointed after the abdication of King Farouk, marks a further stage in the consolidation of the Neguib regime and the elimination of the old Egyptian ruling class from effective power. In the last six weeks, a complete military dictatorship has been established in Cairo, and the work of every Government department is now supervised by inexperienced but honest majors and colonels. It is becoming steadily clearer that General Neguib has taken Kemal Ataturk as his model and is seeking to direct the Egyptian revolution along the lines of the Turkish revolution. The abolition of the tarboosh and the title of Pasha were signs of this conscious imitation of Kemal; so is the attention being paid to military reform. In fact, this is a revolution of the Effendi, in which the role of the middle class is being played by young army officers in the absence of an honest bourgeoisie. But the test of Neguib's statesmanship will be the success or failure in achieving a rapid redistribution of the land among the fellaheen. In the present stage of protracted Cabinet meetings and endless paper plans, he has had the support of the Nationalists and the Socialists, as well as the Moslem Brotherhood, and this has enabled him to eliminate both the Court and the Wafd as powers in Egyptian politics. But the enthusiasts behind him will not be content for long with such political moves. What they are demanding is social change and unless Neguib is successful in getting such change under way he will soon be faced with serious trouble from his own supporters.

South Africans Against Racialism

Non-violent resistance to racialist laws in South Africa continues to grow in size and self-confidence, and effects on the White community are beginning to be felt. Some of the leaders of the United Party have been talking of the possibilities of coalition with the Nationalists "in face of the Non-European danger"; and some of the Nationalist leaders—this less expectedly—are also talking in the same strain. Yet it would be misreading the situation to think that all Whites are as blind as their political leaders. An important manifesto was issued at the end of September by 22 prominent and liberal-minded members of the United Party, appealing for a revival of the old Cape policy of racial liberalism. The signatories included Mrs. and Senator Ballinger, Senator Brookes, Mr. Alan Paton, the author of *Cry the Beloved Country*, Mr. Julius Lewin, and other English-speaking South Africans known for their brave fight for elementary rights for Non-Europeans; but it also included some important Afrikaner liberals such as Mr. J. S. Marais and Mr. Leo Marquard. Their manifesto is strong, sensible and restrained; and it is to be hoped that it succeeds in mobilising those many Whites in South Africa who dislike racialism but have found no way, so far, of effectively opposing it.

An ugly incident in the Orange Free State last week has meanwhile underlined the violent reactions of a large number of Whites to this campaign of non-violence. A well-known British journalist, Mr. Alec Reid, who is the London Editor of *The Hindustan Times*, was arrested in Wynburg some days ago, together with Mr. Yusuf Cachalia, assistant secretary of the South African Indian Congress, in circumstances which suggest conditions little different from those of lynch law. According to their defence, eight men burst into their hotel room late at night, brutally maltreated them, refused to show any warrants and took them to a police station. Hearing of this case is adjourned until October 21, and it is to be hoped that it will be given the widest possible publicity.

WASHINGTON

The Size of the Vote

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The State of New York, which commands 45 votes in the Electoral College, and can thereby swing a close election, will keep its polling booths open for an extra two hours on November 4. This decision was taken in view of the extremely heavy registrations this year. New Yorkers are not isolated in showing such interest in the election. Everywhere there are reports of much greater concern and much larger registrations. "Vote as you please, but please vote" is a slogan which is painted on pavements and appears on the back of cereal boxes. Americans as a whole are being shamed into registering as seldom before. The last presidential only brought some 51 per cent of the electorate to the polls.

The final totals will depend on many factors, not the least of which is the weather, but the mere fact that registrations are so high, has given many people cause to consider the political implications of a heavy vote. In the past it has been automatically assumed that a large turnout means a predominantly Democratic vote, that the Republicans usually managed to bring out most of their stalwarts, and that the issue is decided by Democrats' success in mobilising their latent support. There are some grounds this year for thinking twice about that assumption. Despite public opinion polls, or possibly because of them, for everyone has a jaundiced memory of 1948, no one has any clear idea of how deep is the desire for a change, nor is there any certain indication of the views of the "non-political" citizen whose vote this year might prove decisive. The only public indications so far have been the vote for McCarthy's renomination, which was enormous, and the response to Senator Nixon's television appearance, which put a vice-presidential candidate properly on the political map for the first time.

All the indications are that the control of the House of Representatives will follow the Presidential result, but that the Senate will in any event remain Democratic. Only 35 Senate seats are being contested. The Republicans have 21 at stake and the Democrats 14, of which five are in the South. Ten of the Republican candidates are standing in States which went for Truman in 1948. It is the closeness of the Senate race which has led General Eisenhower to endorse everyone of the candidates standing, including those whose public attacks on his mentor and patron, General George Marshall, must make them personally distasteful to him. But whatever the process of chumming up with Senators McCarthy, Jenner and Kem has felt like to the crusading Republican candidate, the sight of Eisenhower embracing the leaders of the faction he so soundly routed at Chicago, has been almost too much for the stomachs of many of his erstwhile supporters. The public writhing of Walter Lippmann was typical. "The country," he writes, "is full of eminent and influential people who are just managing to go on supporting the choice that they have made." Lippmann went on to rationalise his misgivings by arguing that only the sense of responsibility which goes with experience in office could prevent the Republican party from throwing itself into the hands of its most reckless and violent extremists. This is a common attitude among those who were once ardent Eisenhower supporters. They begin to wonder why it was so necessary for the General to rescue the Republican party from the "thieves and rustlers" at the time of the Chicago convention, if these same gentlemen were to be welcomed back so wholeheartedly, once the campaign got under way.

At present the trends appear to be disenchantment with Eisenhower, and a rather surprised delight with the unexpected Stevenson. But those are trends among the politically literate, and their influence wanes with the size of the vote.

PARIS

On Being Rude to Washington

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Pinay has cashed in in a big way on the latent anti-Americanism existing in France. It is comic to think that, only a few months ago, a well-known American paper should have described the seemingly colourless M. Pinay as the "New Joan of Arc"—for now he has, in the eyes of many of his countrymen, become indeed a new kind of Joan of Arc—*The First Man to be Rude to Washington.* When the U.S. Ambassador last week presented him with a Note, not only refusing to supply the French with a certain number of dollars they had been led to believe they would get by virtue of the Lisbon arrangements, but also criticising France for her way of running her financial affairs, M. Pinay returned the Note to the Ambassador, saying he refused to accept it, and later explained to the Cabinet that it contained some "intolerable" (*inadmissible*) expressions which, as a Frenchman, he found insulting to his country. France wasn't going to be treated as an American colony.

Washington, according to French reports, has since been fidgeting and fumbling and trying to explain away the whole affair as a "misunderstanding," but finally admitting that the French were, after all, right in deciding that their Budget was their own business, and not America's. It appears, at the same time, that the Pentagon had lent a hand somewhere in the drafting of the "*inadmissible*" Note.

Combat reflects fairly well, though perhaps a little exaggeratedly, a widespread sentiment in the country when it writes:

> Far from being a defensive alliance of equally sovereign states, the Atlantic Pact is becoming more and more a weapon in the hands of Washington in its cold war against Moscow. . . . It is no use ignoring any longer the wave of anti-Americanism that is sweeping France. The cumbersome presence of foreign garrisons is typical of the stranglehold on our country's independence. The support given to German rearmament, the encouragement given to North African nationalisms, and the constant grumbling about our rearmament effort have opened our people's eyes to the real nature of American policy.

It admits however, that France herself is to blame for her "dependent" position; by always begging for help from America, she has alienated her independence; and the really important question is whether M. Pinay's outburst was merely a flash in the pan, or the beginning of a new policy.

Washington's obvious preference for Germany, and the encouragement given there to the more extreme nationalist and *revanchard* movements have, of course, a lot to do with it. Similarly, with the exception of a few Left-wing groups like the pro-American and anti-colonialist *Franc-Tireur*, opinion in France is generally rather satisfied with the "strong" line taken by Pinay over Tunisia and Morocco—a line believed to be fully encouraged by the British Government. Not that the "negative" policy of M. de Hauteclocque in Tunisia is considered either intelligent or fruitful, but the question of concessions to Tunisians and Moroccans has somehow been overshadowed by far-reaching Franco-American rivalries in North Africa. The decision to boycott the U.N. in this matter—to which M. Schuman reluctantly agreed in order to save both himself and the Pinay Government—has not, on the whole, been as badly received as might be imagined.

BONN

Schacht and His Fuehrer

A German Correspondent writes: Dr. Schacht is in the news again—not only for his Middle Eastern journeyings, but also because of his appeal against the Hamburg Senate's refusal to grant him the necessary licence to set up as a banker. The Court now seems to have accepted Schacht's argument that, since he had been successfully "denazified" there was no point in "warming up that old stuff" (*alte Kamellen*). Schacht is said to have claimed that, so far from having been a Nazi, he was bitterly (and perilously) opposed to the regime. So he was indeed at the time when Hitler's ship was beginning to sink; but his earlier attitude is well illustrated by the letters, reproduced in translation below, the timing of which is especially interesting. The first is dated August 29, 1932, five months and a day *before* Hitler's accession to power, and just after his defeat in the Presidential Election. It is addressed *Lieber Herr Hitler* and continues:

> May I hope that you permit me to use this form of address, since my letter serves no other purpose than to assure you, at a time of grave adversity, of my inalienable sympathy.
>
> I know that you do not need to be consoled. The rise to 14 million [votes], the perfidious counter-blow through the nominally greater strength of the other side, and the defection of fine-weather-friends—all this could have hardly surprised you. But what you may like to hear these days is a word of sincere sympathy. So strongly is your movement carried by its inherent truth and urgency that victory, in one form or another, cannot be denied. While the movement was growing you did not let yourself be seduced by false gods. I have no doubts that now, temporarily put on the defensive, you will just as firmly resist the temptation to seek an alliance with false idols. If you remain true to yourself, success cannot fail you.
>
> You know that I would not venture any tactical hints, since I fully recognize your superiority in this field. But as an economist, may I make this one point: Try to avoid offering any detailed economic policy. There is no such thing, none at all which to unite 14 million voters. Economic policy is no party-building force; at best it can rally partisans. Economic measures cannot but depend on time and circumstances. What matters is mainly the spirit that gives them birth. Let that spirit be your guide.
>
> Whatever my activities in the near future—even if you might happen to spot me *within* the fort [i.e., the Weimar system]—you can rely on me as your most loyal helpmate.
>
> I felt the urge to write to you, because so few, these days, have grasped that all that matters is inner strength.

The second letter was written on November 12, 1932, a few days after the election which had lost Hitler two million votes, when the impending coalition of Strasser with Schleicher and the trade unions might have proved fatal.

> Permit me to offer you my special felicitations on the firm attitude adopted by you immediately after the elections. I have no doubts whatever that present developments can lead to one result only, and that's your Chancellorship. It looks as if our attempts to obtain a measure of support from leaders of industry are by no means wholly frustrated, after all, even though I am not so sure if Iron and Steel will fully toe the line; but then they are aptly named *Schwerindustrie* ("Heavy Industry") in view of their *Schwerfälligkeit* (clumsiness).
>
> I hope that within the next days and weeks certain propagandist blemishes will not appear excessive enough to provide cause for indignation on the opposite side. The stronger your internal position the more dignified can be the methods of campaigning. The more unanswerable your cause, the more you can dispense with personal invective.
>
> I for one am full of confidence because the present system is sure to come to a dead end.

Twelve weeks later the Doctor knew that he had picked the winner. Twelve years later, just as well ahead of the times, he discovered himself to be anti-Nazi. Now, twenty years later, with the same shrewd sense of timing, he is hoping to hang out his sign in the *Bundesrepublik*.

Mr. Bevan Takes the Initiative

At last somebody has stopped recriminating and done something positive to reconcile the warring factions in the Labour Party. This initiative has come from the Left. On Wednesday afternoon the Bevanite group in the House of Commons met and decided to kill the story that they are a "party within a party" by opening their weekly meetings to any and every Labour M.P. In addition, Mr. Bevan and a number of his colleagues, who last October preferred to remain on the back benches, will stand for election in the coming session for Labour's shadow Cabinet. In yesterday's *Tribune* Mr. Bevan himself explained why this decision was taken.

Mr. Bevan's statement is a logical consequence of the decisions at Morecambe, where what was once the Bevanite heresy was accepted as the official party line It would be a mistake to regard his words as a response to Mr. Attlee's speech last Saturday, which in fact made the task of reconciliation more difficult. Breaking his long, self-imposed silence, the Leader of the Opposition chose to rebuke the Bevanites for "sectionalism". Moderate Labour opinion, whose views were admirably expressed by Mr. Strachey at the week-end, was much disconcerted by the tone of Mr. Attlee's speech, which implicitly acquitted Mr. Gaitskell for his outrageous remarks about mob rule and seemed to lay all the responsibility for discord on the Left.

Before we blame him too severely, however, for his obvious partiality, we should realise the extreme weakness of Mr. Attlee's position. By his inactivity before and during the Morecambe Conference, he had forfeited the confidence not only of the Right-wing politicians, led by Mr. Gaitskell, but of some of the most important Right-wing trade union leaders. If he had said less, he would immediately have been confronted by moves—similar to those begun in 1947—to replace him with a "strong man," prepared to smash the Left even at the cost of splitting the Party. When these dangers from the Right are taken into account, Mr. Attlee's statement must be reckoned moderate. Unlike Mr. Lincoln Evans, who has bluntly argued this week that the policies represented by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan are irreconcilable, Mr. Attlee limited his attack to "the party within the Party."

Mr. Bevan has very properly rebuked Mr. Attlee for making such a charge. It was Mr. A. J. Cummings, in the *News Chronicle*, who first "revealed" the existence of a Bevanite party within a Party, and it is surprising that Mr. Attlee should have accepted from Mr. Cummings a story which could have been refuted by a few discreet inquiries. It is self-deception to believe that Bevanism is a secret conspiracy, concocted by a group of Left-wing Parliamentary malcontents, or that their success was due either to their ability as journalists and speakers or to some mysterious "organisation." Mr. Bevan's astonishing influence among the rank and file of active Party workers arises from the fact that, when he resigned and fought the orthodox leadership on such issues as the £4,700 m. Defence programme, German rearmament, and the Morrisonian policy of consolidation, he was expressing a protest against the drift to the Right, which was gathering force long before he left the Cabinet; and Bevanism was shown at Morecambe to have become the prevailing view throughout the constituencies.

All the same, it remained a fact that the mere existence of the Bevanite group in the House of Commons, with regular weekly meetings, did arouse suspicion and hostility. A large number of Labour M.P.s accepted all the Bevanite criticisms of the orthodox leadership, but refused to associate with them because they sniffed a danger of sectionalism. By tradition, the Labour Party is fiercely opposed to organised minorities, and those who sedulously spread the rumours about "the party within the Party" throughout last summer were able to rely on this tradition in order to awaken suspicion and separate the Bevanites from their Parliamentary colleagues. What they said was untrue, but it was one of those clever untruths which cannot be countered by mere denials.

If Aneurin Bevan had been the "frenetic fury" that Mr. George Brown called him last August, he would have rebutted Mr. Attlee's charges, pointed out that Right-wingers have been known to meet privately in order to concert their tactics, and then challenged Mr. Attlee to do his worst. No doubt this is precisely what his enemies were praying that he would do. But, very wisely, he has preferred to take the initiative in peacemaking. If it is the absence of prominent Bevanites, he says in effect, which is impairing an effective attack on Toryism, then we are willing to take our luck in the ballot for the front bench now that the policies we chiefly opposed—cuts in Health charges and the absolute priority accorded to rearmament—have been jettisoned at Morecambe. If all that prevents harmony in the Parliamentary Party is unfounded suspicion of what goes on in the Bevanite group, then come along and see.

It would be idle to believe that Mr. Bevan's sweet reasonableness will at once transform the Labour Party into a band of brothers. Already his initiative is being denounced as a clever tactical move; and the demand is being made by the hard core of implacable anti-Bevanites that the group should be summarily ordered to disband by a vote of the Parliamentary Party. Indeed, it looks very much as though an important section of the Right Wing prefers anything to peaceful co-operation, realising that this would mean accepting most of the Bevanite policies before the year is out. These policies were summarised in the two resolutions which, as we described last week, were moved from the floor at Morecambe and carried by overwhelming majorities. In the next year every effort will be made in and out of Parliament to reverse the Conference's swing.

It is wholly healthy that such a debate should take place. Those who oppose a big further advance towards public ownership, and pin their faith in foreign affairs to an Anglo-American policy of military containment, have every right to urge their views on the Labour Party and to seek to rescind the Morecambe decisions. But for the last twelve months the Right Wing has scarcely bothered to debate these policy issues. Instead, it has sought to discredit the Left, first as a minority which failed to obey majority decisions, and then as demagogues who won over the majority by mob rule. The last rational ground for these attacks has gone. Unless the Right-wing appeals for unity were utterly insincere, it should now be possible for the Parliamentary Party to elect a strong and well-balanced Shadow Cabinet capable of discussing policy on its merits and leading the attack on the Government which the Labour movement awaits so impatiently.

Wages and Production

How are wages settled to-day? The simplest answer is that they are settled by collective bargaining, modified by special laws concerning certain industries and by the extensive use of arbitration when agreed settlements cannot be reached. But this answer fails to take account of how the machinery works. We want to know on what principles, if any, statutory Wages Councils, and similar bodies empowered to lay down minimum wage-rates, work; on what principles, if any, arbitration courts decide the cases referred to them; to what extent either Wages Councils or arbitration courts are subject to government influence; how the State decides what to pay its own employees in the nationalised industries and services; and, above all, how collective bargaining operates under the peculiar conditions of to-day.

Collective bargaining used to be a matter of bargaining strength. Trade unions were trying to get as much as they could, and Employers' Associations to offer as little as they thought they could get away with. A collective agreement was, broadly speaking, a bet on the probable outcome of a strike or lock-out. It embodied an agreed estimate of the relative strength of the parties, in view of the state, actual and prospective, of employment, profits and technological development. No doubt, in key industries, the conception of public interest sometimes entered in—above all, in the case of the railways or other industries in which a strike immediately and directly affected the whole country. But this was usually, even in such cases, a secondary factor. The underlying notion was that collective bargaining should result in settlements roughly embodying the economic value of the labour in question under a capitalist system.

To-day, collective bargaining cannot work out at all like this, not merely because of the effects of full employment in making the "economic" wage "indeterminate," but because it is impossible for the bargainers to ignore, as they used to do, the effects of their doings on the economic situation of the country. Everyone knows to-day that if the trade unions in concert used their power to force up wages as high as they could, either the Government would be brought in to defeat them in a mass-battle or, if they got their way, most of their gains (and very likely all) would be lost in an inflationary rise of prices that no forms of government control could prevent. Everyone knows, too, that such a rise in prices would either hit exports hard or cause a fall in the pound's value abroad that would make imports, including basic foodstuffs, very much dearer, and most likely leave everyone poorer in real terms than before. That is why the trade unions, under a Tory as well as under a Labour Government, practice "wage-restraint."

But when "wage-restraint" is being practised,

what determines the result of collective bargaining? Goodness knows, except that the matter becomes much more one of seeking in each industry to get roughly as much as others are getting, with the result that relative wage-rates (not earnings) tend to become stabilised. There are no doubt exceptions, where they are enforced by difficulties of keeping up the supply of labour—as in mining and farming—but, broadly speaking, each group looks to its leaders to get it not less than the other fellow is getting. This prevents wage-rates from serving as a means of re-distributing labour in accordance with changing economic needs. It does not prevent those industries or branches of industries which are in a position to offer high piecework or other inducements from attracting labour; but this process works most haphazardly, and with most unfortunate effects on those skilled workers who, from the nature of their work, have to depend mainly on time-rates. It leads to a most untidy, and even dishonest wage-structure, in which rewards depend neither on the higgling of the market nor on the skill and application of the worker.

Common sense would suggest that, now wages policy is bound up with the entire national economic situation, in terms of the balance of payments and the actual quantities of consumable commodities that can be made available for the wage-earners to buy, there ought to be some central, and if possible, agreed determination of the total sum available for wages, with an allowance for increases based on higher effective productivity — effective, that is, in making more goods available for consumption. But most of the trade union leaders still denounce this as calculated to undermine collective bargaining and to destroy the *raison d' être* of the trade union movement, just as they formerly denounced compulsory arbitration and as, more recently, many of them denounced children's allowances. Nor is this attitude difficult to understand; for if the trade union leaders had to take part in a general process of bargaining with the Chancellor of the Exchequer about the total sum available for payment in wages and lower salaries they would have to face a responsibility they would very much sooner avoid because of the immense difficulty of explaining it to their members. In bargaining about the division of the national income "cake," they would have to agree, not only on the share to be assigned to profits, but also, in this connection, on the sum to be set aside to cover both depreciation of capital assets and the accumulation of capital for new investment. This would mean, under the existing organisation of industry, that they would have to sanction high profits—though not necessarily high dividends—as means of providing the capital accumulation.

But their members would reject any such proposition. However clearly economists may show that a high rate of accumulation is needed for bringing industry up to date and adjusting it to the conditions of the world market; however clearly they may demonstrate that what can be paid out in wages depends on the quantity of consumers' goods that can be made available, and not on the profits companies are making, the ordinary trade unionist will continue to regard it as obvious that employers who are making high profits can afford higher wages.

Every project for the adoption of a "National Wages Policy" founders on this rock. A few isolated trade union leaders hammer away in spite of the difficulties. But Mr. Douglas Houghton is discounted because he is a civil service representative, and civil servants tend to do badly out of the present scramble. Mr. Bob Edwards of the Chemical Workers, is another advocate, who has just published his union's case for such a policy*; but he got short shrift at the Trades Union Congress, and his ideas meet with the stronges opposition from the big general labour unions with whom his union is in rivalry in organising the chemical workers. Mr. Edwards wants a Central Wage Authority "which would bring together the top-level negotiators of the trade unions and industry. It would be served by our leading economists with either the Minister of Labour or the Chancellor of the Exchequer acting as Chairman." Its function would be "to determine, from time to time, the overall sum available and to allocate appropriate shares to the various applicants—i.e., industrial groups and services. The Wage Authority, however, would not allocate the actual distribution coming *within* the groups." In other words, the trade unions, knowing the total sum available for each industry or service, would be left to do their own bargaining about wage-differentials for skilled workers, piecework, and other matters affecting the distribution of their quota among their members; and this, Mr. Edwards argues, would leave them an ample, and much more rational, function.

For dealing with the problem of differentials, Mr. Edwards comes out strongly in favour of job evaluation, linked to a plan of training for all the various grades of skilled work. But the question of differentials could not be kept apart from the allocation of a wage-quota for the industry as a whole; for the average degree of skill required would be a material factor in deciding on the quota. The Wage Authority would have in practice to go into such questions, and to be equipped for handling them, even if it did not itself directly settle the payments due for skill or responsibility. There is also a further question. How much weight would be given, in settling the total allocation to the wage-fund, to such factors, and how much to the need to attract additional labour into the industry—or to drive some of the existing labour out into industries in need of more workers?

Someday, something like Mr. Edward's proposed Wage Authority will have to come into being. A planned society cannot leave so vital a factor as the distribution of incomes unplanned. But what Mr. Edwards is asking for will not be done just yet, whatever Government may be in power. For what cannot be done, when trade unionism is powerful, is to plan wages without planning other people's incomes; to determine a "wage-fund" without determining a "capital fund" and a "distributed profits fund" as well; and as long as the provision for capital accumulation comes mainly out of profits, distributed or undistributed, it will be impossible to disentangle it from the spendable income accruing to capitalists, whose claims trade unionists do not recognise as on a par with their own.

Therefore, for the present, only a very tentative approach is possible. It is not practicable to fix a "wage-fund"; but it should be quite practicable to draw up a reasonable estimate of the quantities of consumer goods, home-produced or imported, that it is possible to make available in view of the state of the balance of payments, to throw these estimates open to discussion with the representatives of the trade unions, the Co-operative societies, and any other important groups particularly concerned, and to make the results available for use by all bodies engaged in collective bargaining or arbitration. This, indeed, would do nothing to help settle the vexed question of differentials within an industry or occupation or the still very difficult matter of adjusting relative wages to the need for labour mobility from industry to industry. It would only help to get wage questions discussed and considered by both rank-and-file trade unionists and rank-and-file employers rather more rationally than they can be now. A large amount of sheer irrationality in the handling of wage problems is a necessary concomitant of the betwixt and between economic system under which we are living to-day.

G. D. H. COLE

* *Wages, Productivity and Training, with special reference to the Chemical Industry.* CHEMICAL WORKERS' UNION.

London Diary

Nor myself being an M.P. or an aspirant after political honours (one of the few wise decisions I ever made), I share the man in the street's astonishment at the fury of the Bevanite row. The Bevanites themselves can now afford to make concessions; they have done what they wanted, which was to provide leadership to the frustrated Socialists within a Movement which is financed by big trade unions and all too easily controlled by a closed shop of ex-Ministers. They are quite ready to turn their private discussion of policy into an open forum. This, a rational man would surely agree, ends any possible charge against them of forming a party within a Party. Yet I'm told that some members of the Right will remain unappeased. Some would like to expel the leading Bevanites; this, for obvious reasons, they cannot do. But that any members of the Party should entertain such a wish is really alarming. The only result, of course, would be to split the Movement from top to bottom, so that we should rapidly move into the position of Continental countries—which have a bureaucratic trade union Social-Democratic party with no Socialist inspiration informing it, an anti-Communist Left (which, in this country, would be the Bevanites) and a fellow-traveller, Nenni Party. In that case, Labour could never get a majority, and Left politics would degenerate into a miserable and hopeless fight of factions. The extreme Right of the Party will not go as far as this, but they are certainly in the mood to reject Mr. Bevan's olive branch and to find some ground for continuing the fight against "the party within the Party." How silly it all is! In a parliamentary party, with nearly 300 members, there must be unofficial groups and coteries. If you forbid them, they disappear into the downstairs private dining rooms. Mr. Gaitskell himself has a select dining club, and there are many other similar groups. Would those who want such a ban include in it the new faction of conciliators which has been brought to birth in the controversy? The only real question is how soon these fanatics of the Right will understand that formal resolutions cannot end Bevanism. It is not, as Mr. Attlee himself appears to believe, primarily a matter of personalities. The Party can change the rules as often as it likes, but that won't stop Socialists "plotting" to get Socialism.

* * *

The *Manchester Guardian* was once distinguished by accuracy of statement combined with balanced judgment. The discovery that quite a large section of the Labour Party actually means what it says about Socialism has driven its editorial writers right off base. Take one example, out of several which might be chosen, from its leading article of October 13. The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, it says, "snatches at a few vague phrases to *allege* that the Party is now pledged 'to a large-scale ex-

pansion of public ownership'." The resolution included these words:

> This involves the enlargment of the public sector by further nationalisation and by the extension of municipal and Co-operative enterprise. Conference therefore instructs the National Executive Committee to draw up a list of the key and major industries to be taken into public ownership during the five-year programme.

Vague phrases? Alleges?

* * *

Noticing that *Time* dismissed Stalin's article in *Bolshevik* as "grey gobbledygook," I braced myself for some turgid going when I secured a version fuller than the press summaries. Parts of it, I admit, are almost unintelligible unless you happen to follow the intricacies of Marxist economics. But it is a fascinating document. If, unlike the editors of *Time*, you take politics seriously, you can discover more about the Soviet Union from this statement than from all the articles the Luce magazines have ever published. Larger questions of policy apart, there were two passages which intrigued me. In one, Stalin refers to "certain comrades" who had come to regard war between Russia and the West as virtually inevitable. It is clear from the context that he is referring to some group in the party leadership—possibly the supporters of Zhdanov—which was strong enough in the past to have some influence on Soviet policy, but has now been pushed aside. This passage, indeed, supports those who believe that the Communist Congress is a sign that the C.P. leaders have at last settled a long-standing disagreement about policy, and that the advocates of a "tough" line—of which the Cominform was a part—have lost. The other passage also reflects an internal controversy. Writing about the project for a new textbook of Marxist economics, Stalin refers to "energetic" debates on the draft. Before the book is finished, he says, it is to be improved by a small committee, which is to include the authors, "and not only the proponents of the majority of the participants in the discussion, but also opponents of the majority, the strongest critics of the project." All this suggests that, at least on the top levels, there are still real arguments about Soviet policy and Marxist theory. But we still have to guess which of the leaders has taken one side or the other.

* * *

The *Observer* is to be congratulated on its series of articles outlining a "hopeful policy for Britain." These articles, which are now published in pamphlet form under the title *Re-Thinking Our Future* decide that we have been going too far along a track which does not lead us to independence or prosperity; there can be no solution for us along the line of perpetually trying to increase our exports in an increasingly unfavourable market. We must increase our home production and depend less on dollar trade. When a Bevanite develops this thesis, as Harold Wilson did admirably in his pamphlet *In Place of Dollars*, he is largely ignored or denounced as anti-American. In fact the difference between Harold Wilson and the *Observer* is that the latter does not face the logic of its own argument. The *Observer* would have done better frankly to admit that to grow more of our food, to cut some dollar imports and therefore to increase East-West trade, is likely to involve trouble with the United States. And if, for that reason, it were accused of subversive activities, it could have well said in self-defence that a British Government that announced its intention of becoming more independent of dollars, and which vigorously enforced a planned economy, might face an initial row with America, but would soon find Washington more helpful, more respectful, and less domineering.

Vaughan Williams, whose eightieth birthday we have been celebrating this week, is the kind of great man England most admires. He is sturdy, independent, outspoken, contemptuous of fashion; a highly professional musician who never forgets the importance of the amateur; a man of visionary, even mystical, temperament who enjoys working for films and the B.B.C.. Above all, he is countrified; his large tweed-clad frame (a gift to photographers) suggests a rustic "character" rather than a world-famous composer. In his youth he had some lessons from Ravel, and it is hard to imagine the encounter between Vaughan Williams and the elegant Frenchman. But Vaughan Williams, with his respect for good craftsmanship, must have recognised the superlative technical skill of his teacher, and Ravel certainly perceived his pupil's talent—"but, alas!" he is supposed to have added, "at Dover he will meet Sir Parry and Sir Elgar, and soon he will be just another English composer." The fear was unjustified; with the passing years Vaughan Williams has wonderfully refined and purified his always personal style; he and Verdi are among the very few composers who have struck out on new paths during their eighth decade. His most impressive utterance, so far, is the recent Sixth Symphony, whose ghostly Epilogue seems to penetrate "as far as thought can reach." Already we are promised a Seventh, the *Sinfonia Antarctica*. So, when we wish him many happy returns of the day, we are paying no idle compliment; we are expressing our affection for a great contemporary and our hope that we may continue, for many years, to share in his visions and his dreams.

CRITIC

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

The release of von Mackensen . . . is an act of executive clemency and casts no doubt on the validity of his original sentence.
U.K. High Commission, October 3.

Now mercy seasons justice. Mercy pleads,
And one by one,
With pardon for the guilty intercedes,
Their term not done.
Reich prisoners their freedom have regained . . .
The quality of mercy is not strain'd.

With attributes of majesty and awe
The Nürnberg Court
Passed sentence; but the penalty of law
Is now cut short.
The course of law no temporal power can stay . . .
But mercy is above this sceptred sway.

The monstrous crimes of which they stood accused
Law must condemn,
But mercy her prerogative has used
To pardon them—
Field-Marshals first, and after, all the rest . . .
The quality of mercy is twice blest.

Offences no strict judges can condone
May be reprieved.
The greater guilt, the kinder mercy shown,
The guilt relieved.
Now mercy pardons chiefs of murder-squads . . .
And earthly power doth then show like God's.

But if the act of pardon may acquit
These, justly tried,
Should mercy's season not be infinite,
To all applied?
To all offenders mercy should be given . . .
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.

Why only to the Reich war criminal
Pardon restrict?
Should mercy not be rendered now to all
The Courts convict,
To mitigate the justice of their plea?
None should in prison lie, if these go free.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"With appropriate music and in the presence of a well-filled church marriage was consumated."—Wedding report in the *Bellshill Speaker*. (Ian M. Milligan.)

"I think it was a huge mistake to abolish birching and we know that to our cost to-day. The Labour Government made our prisons like hydropathics—soon you will have to book your rooms."—*Perthshire Advertiser*. (James H. Benzies.)

Wanted: Handbook Marxism; all Trotsky, Kautsky, Stekloff, Rosenberg; London University Graduate Gown and B.Sc.—Advt. in *New Statesman and Nation*. (D. Talmon.)

If they wanted a really fine example of the work they did in the sort of way it should be done, Lady Maxwell Fyfe said she commended to them their chairman, Mrs. W. G. Wince. She thought it wonderful that in the short time Harrow Central had existed as a separate entity they should have found it possible to hold two annual luncheons.—*Harrow Observer*. (Audrey Bailey.)

Food We Never Eat

THE world's losses of food and essential raw materials through pests add up to figures staggering even in our age of astronomical armament bills and inflationary budgets. Insects, molluscs and worms, fungi and bacteria, viruses, weeds and mammals cost the United States in one year alone (1937) $1,440,600,000 including the cost of their control. More than ten per cent. of the world's crops is annually destroyed by pests; while in some agriculturally backward countries such losses may reach the ominous figure of 40 per cent. It may mean little enough to most people that the total cost to the U.K. of pest control, plus the value of lost crops, is just under £90 m. in an average year: but it must rouse even the most ostrich-minded food consumer from his indifference to learn that the effect of this figure, translated into easily understandable human terms, is as if no fewer than 33,000 British farms worked hard for the four seasons and produced no crops at all.

It is against the background of this staggering waste that more than six hundred scientists from forty countries gathered at the Sorbonne last month to discuss new methods of checking or slowing down the ravages caused by pests, and to compare notes about progress and discoveries in this field since the previous congress met in London three years ago. What distinguished the Third International Crop Protection Congress from other cosmopolitan gatherings of like-minded scientists was the astonishing variety of the assembled specialists, their very heterogeneity showing the complexity of the problem which is to-day causing profound concern in every country where men till the soil and harvest its fruit in the sweat of their brow.

Phytopharmacy is the all-embracing name for the science of crop protection, but the men who study and apply it may be biologists, entomologists, mycologists, plant pathologists, plant geneticists, toxicologists, chemists or even, for machinery plays an increasingly important part in the application of the killing drug, physicists and engineers. It is only the joint and total effort of all these that has resulted in the astonishing progress made during the past two decades in the unceasing battle against the legions of enemies of man's food and—cotton being one of the chief victims—his clothes.

And spectacular progress there has been. But it has been a long and uphill struggle going on throughout known history—and a losing battle it was until modern biology and chemistry supplied man with the first effective weapons to hit back. Since the Frenchman Prévost discovered the fungicidal quality of copper in 1809 and thus paved the way for Millardet's formulation, three-quarters of a century later, of Bordeaux mixture against the *Phylloxera* pest of vines, synthetic chemistry has, within half a century, solved insecticidal and fungicidal problems which had baffled cultivators since the beginning of recorded history.

But it was only during World War II that two decisive discoveries were made, discoveries which have been called, maybe somewhat sanguinely, the turning-point in man's struggle against parasitic insects. Yet it is undeniable that on that day in 1942 when, in a Swiss laboratory, D.D.T. was first formulated and when benzene hexachloride first emerged from a British test-tube shortly afterwards, man had in fact won an important battle, if not yet the whole campaign, against the most numerous species of crop pests—the insect. But in their exuberance and their understandable desire to deploy these newly forged weapons, scientists and cultivators soon came up against the sobering fact that nature fights back when cornered. Thus, when D.D.T. was first applied on a large scale in orchards against aphid, capsid, sawfly and codling moth, it killed not only the pests but also the pollinators of the apple blossom —the bees: it was in fact killing *more than its target*. Conversely, when the house fly, one of our worst disease carriers, was attacked methodically and consistently over a long period of time in a given locality with D.D.T., it eventually began to develop D.D.T.-resistant strains: here D.D.T. was killing *less than its target*. Or again, when the organic phosphorus insecticide Parathion, was found to be effective against the Red Spider, one of the most intractable and ubiquitous enemies of crops, it soon became clear that the new chemical not only killed the adult spider but also a tiny insect, a so-called predator, feeding upon the eggs of the spider: again the new weapon turned out to be double-edged, destroying as it did the pest but at the same time the means of its "biological control." Some of these problems have now been solved, but others arise almost as fast as the scientists formulate new insecticides and fungicides or the engineers discover new means of applying them.

One fact, however, emerged clearly from the Paris congress: that man, in his fight against crop pests, neglects the precarious balance of nature, that is the ecological aspect of phytopharmacy, at his own grave risk. On the last day of the Congress I asked an eminent French plant pathologist what he thought was the outstanding lesson to be learned from the interchange of views of six hundred guardians of our crops. He replied without hesitation: "We have all understood by now that it is a serious mistake to aim at destroying *all* pests. This may eventually become possible, but only at the price of fatally interfering with the balance of nature. Our objective, hard enough to achieve, must be to kill *enough* pests to eliminate the frightful waste of food and raw material which a hungry world cannot afford!"

If this was a succinct biological summing-up of the Congress, a number of highly significant chemical developments equally contributed to the reassuring realisation that the science of crop protection has made striking advances since the London meeting three years earlier. *Systemic* insecticides—organo-phosphorous chemicals absorbed by, and translocated in, the plant, becoming so to say part and parcel of the plant through molecular transformation of the "injected" drug —are gradually passing from the laboratory and test stage into practical use, though here too much still remains unknown about the residual and cumulative effect of systemics in the ultimate food product. The new American fungicide S.R.406 has aroused fresh hope that wine growers all over the world may yet get the better of mildew of the vine (*Plasmopara viticola*). Recent researches into the powerful insecticidal action of the gamma isomer of hexachlorocyclohexane (B.H.C.) on insects, which have in the past withstood the onslaughts of other contact and stomach poisons, have opened up new perspectives in the battle against parasitic insects.

During the machinery demonstration at Senlis, which concluded the scientific part of the Congress, I saw four men huddling together over something invisible on the ground. A Norwegian, a Turk, a Brazilian and a German were gazing intently at the tiny droplets of atomized spray on a leaf, which a new British machine had just deposited from nearly a hundred yards away. The four scientists had no common language nor had they need for one. All knew what was holding them in the grip of a common interest—the diameter of the almost microscopic water particles before them. In a world so full of hostile noise and clamour, this wordless communion was an exhilarating and encouraging spectacle.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

Neo-Nazis and Their Friends

DR. ADENAUER'S Little Germany is cautiously groping its way through the international tangle, wholeheartedly friendly towards nobody but Germany. Can one talk of a Bonn-Washington Axis? There is no doubt that many Germans are flattered by the attention paid them by Washington and by the feeling that they are regarded as Uncle Sam's blue-eyed boys. It's all very profitable, for one thing. All those airfields, and the militarisation of the Frontier Guards mean a lot of employment for Germans. The desire, however, for a great German army is on the whole, absent; and, except to a number of ex-officers, the idea of acting as a spearhead in any war against Russia scarcely commends itself. The Social-Democratic sentiment that "if we have an army, *we* want to be its masters" is not limited to the S.P.D. It is flattering, too, though perhaps a little disquieting, to think that the U.S. Embassy in Germany will be "the largest Embassy in the world"—as is, indeed, evident from the whole city of blocks of flats and skyscrapers the Americans have built just outside Bad Godesberg to house their German Embassy employees.

On the face of it, the Adenauer Government and the Americans see eye to eye in all things; and yet there are, in reality, some striking differences. There is an organisation, modelled on the Hitler Jugend, called the B.D.J.—Bund Deutscher Jugend—which has been challenged, time and again by the Social Democrats to say where all its money comes from and which is openly said to be financed by the U.S. Its office-bearers receive large salaries, and they spend an immense amount of money on propaganda. Here are some extracts from a speech made by one of their leaders and smuggled out of a closed meeting:—

> They are false Christians who say that Christians must not kill. . . . We'll reconquer Breslau and Konigsberg. . . . We are against any kind of planned economy. . . . Denazification was the biggest crime and swindle against the German people. The U.S. is our guarantee of victory; the Americans are the Romans of our century. We don't want to haggle over Defence like Schumacher; for we are receiving the unreserved support of the U.S.A., and we shall go on fighting to vindicate the honour of the Waffen-S.S.

Equally serious, too, are the war veterans' organisations like the Stahlhelm and many others, practically all of them definitely Right-wing, if not explicitly pro-Nazi. According to the statute book, semi-military organisations are prohibited; but a common German view of the attitude of the U.S. authorities, and particularly of the former High Commissioner, Mr. McCloy is best illustrated by the following story current in Germany. Some 18 months ago, General Von Manteuffel was going to hold a great rally of war veterans at Kassel, right on the border of the Soviet Zone. Kassel is a hotbed of nationalism, and the choice of the location was not accidental. The British and French thought the whole thing might lead to some dangerous incidents and provocations, and, having failed to get the meeting called off, they went in search of Mr. McCloy, even though he happened to be busy that day hunting game. When he was finally located and had his attention drawn to the dangers of the Kassel rally, he is said to have angrily retorted: "Oh, hell no! Don't you realise that we are *paying* for it!" Perhaps apocryphal, but significant because believed.

The impression that there is a good deal of U.S. support for "dubious" organisations has now been confirmed by the Bonn Government itself. Dr. Egidi, head of the police department of the Ministry of the Interior, said last week:

> It is deeply regrettable that seven years after the end of the war certain American services should set up, train and organise on the territory of the Federal Republic secret resistance groups and secret armies, without the competent German authorities being consulted or even informed.

While Germans were told that a whole Cabinet meeting had been devoted to the widely reported revelations of Herr Zinn, the Social-Democratic Minister-President of Hesse, in Washington, it seems, his story caused great embarrassment. It was, however, admitted at the State Department that the U.S. had financed the training of "sabotage and resistance groups" of young Germans in anticipation of a Soviet occupation of Germany." But since last May the U.S. had withdrawn its support, as these sabotage groups were "engaging unduly in Nazi politics."

Immense funds are also paid, ostensibly from donations by thousands of anti-Communist subscribers (who include some of the biggest American business interests) into an organisation called the F.E.R.—the Free Europe Radio, an upshot of the Free Europe Committee founded in New York in 1950. The F.E.R. has a vast building in Munich, and refugees from all over Eastern Europe take part in denouncing the "Communist rats" in each particular country and, while carefully refraining from speaking of war, keep talking about the coming "liberation." The technical staff of the F.E.R. is, at the request of the Bonn Government, almost entirely German. But the Adenauer Government is not really in sympathy with these dangerous crudities. Its attitude to the Nazis is, formally, hostile, and, in practice, cautious and reserved. Its line is (and this line, in fact, I found even amongst Social-Democrats) that it's no use being a purist in these matters—after all, almost everybody was, willy-nilly "mixed up with the Nazis"—*man hat mitgemacht*. The attitude of Adenauer's coalition remains ambiguous. As a Social-Democratic leader wrote:—

> "The Government's policy is full of contradictions. In the recent Lower Saxony election, the propaganda chief of the Government parties' electoral bloc was none other than the prominent Nazi boss, S.S. Sturmfuhrer Ehrlich, the right-hand man of Nazi Gauleiter Bohle."

He added that prominent members of the Christian Democratic Party also belonged to one of the most pro-Nazi veterans' organisations, the First Legion; and he concluded:—

> While in Bonn the coalition parties exhibit loyalty to the State, they undermine it systematically in the provinces. . . . The German Party, not recognising the colours of the Republic, prefers the black-white-red colours of the Kaiser. There are no doubt some genuine democratic elements in the Christian-Democratic Party, but both it and the "Free Democratic Party" are increasingly dominated by people who got on well under Hitler.

But is this quite true? Recently proceedings were taken against General Remer's S.R.P., the openly neo-Nazi Party, and the Karlsruhe Court declared its propaganda to be unconstitutional and illegal; and subsequently the Party, fearing dissolution, dissolved itself.

A curious publication, brought out with every encouragement from the Government, and with Jakob Kaiser and several other of Adenauer's ministers contributing, was the special issue of *Das Parlament*, which commemorated the 8th anniversary of the July 20 plot. The paper set out to build up Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, the man who laid the bomb, as one of Germany's greatest national heroes and in this pious commemoration of the *conservative* anti-Nazis, the awkward question why they had not rebelled against Hitler until they knew that he had failed is, of course, overlooked. The bestiality of the tortures and executions suffered by the conspirators is described in lurid detail, but with only the vaguest suggestion that a thousand times as many other people were put to death by the Nazi regime in equally or even more horrible, conditions.

Still it remains true that the Adenauer regime is, at heart, anti-Nazi. The Nazis are not strong, and are still, for the present, seriously discredited as the people who "failed." Adenauer himself is certainly no Nazi; he is essentially a Conservative relying on Big Business. Herr Jakob Kaiser, Minister for All-German Questions is reputed to be a man who uses capitalist and other pressure groups with the greatest profit and virtuosity. Thus, the Saarbund, the nationalist German party of the Saar, prohibited by the French, is said to be heavily subsidised by the "pro-Western" Herr Kaiser, even at the risk of a Franco-German bust-up. Similarly, though the Adenauer Government is avowedly "anti-Eastern," one of its leading economic experts, Dr. Kroll, of the Ministry of Economy, made the other day a statement in favour of developing East-West trade on a very large scale: "We must trade in *everything* except those commodities that are specifically prohibited," he said. "Now we trade only in those things which are specifically allowed." His statement received enormous play in practically the whole German press, which emphasised the importance of the Russian and Chinese market. And all this can go hand-in-hand with enthusiastic articles on the possibilities of German trade with Africa and other under-developed countries which will somehow materialise as a result of West-European Integration.

All Germans are interested, first and foremost, in Germany—be it the Little Germany of Adenauer or the Greater Germany of the S.P.D. But about the means of achieving German greatness it is seldom possible to discover anything hard-and-fast. In this respect the Germany of to-day is a contrast to Nazi Germany, when everything was uncompromisingly black and white. "It's stupid to be too pedantic about anything during a transition stage," is the kind of remark one can hear on both sides.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Cologne, October.

Peddled Insurance

TWICE I have walked into insurance offices and taken out policies on my own life. This may be eccentric but it is not absent-minded: it draws the whole surprised "Life Department" around you, saves you an agent's commission, and starts the thing off in a setting of marble pillars, mahogany desks, and tessellated paving instead of in the daunting impermanence of your own mortgaged front room. But I admit that it is eccentric, because as a general rule insurance, especially life assurance, is (so to speak) sold and not bought.

When life assurance is maintained by the door-to-door collection of weekly or monthly premiums (anything less than two months) it is called "*industrial* life assurance"; not because it has anything to do with industrialists but because it is working-men's or "home service" life assurance (as distinct from the paid-by-cheque variety, which offers the policy-holder rather better terms). It is the core of the life assurance business. The fact that people will not normally go, as I did, in pursuit of such insurance was conclusively established by the failure of the Post Office Life Assurance Scheme, which began in 1864 and died—of inanition—in 1928 because people simply will not go to Post Offices to pay an insurance premium. You must go to their doors and get it. But it is high time the process was re-christened: "industrial assurance" is meaningless.

Over 50,000 men are engaged in this house-to-house collection of premiums—probably 15,000 of them still under the system known as "book-interest." This phrase conveniently describes the right of an agent or collector to nominate his successor (subject to the approval of his office) when he gives up his "book," and, consequently, the right to dispose of his goodwill when selling the book to his nominee. A few "mutual" offices—the Royal London, the Liverpool Victoria, the Royal Liver, the Co-operative Insurance Society—still operate this system, though some of these are actually in the process of giving it up. Gradually superseding it is the employment of paid collectors, earning commission for "new business" only and having no concern in the nomination of their successors.

Opinion in the insurance world is sharply divided about the desirability of "book-interest" (it has strong support from the trade unions), while opinion outside usually condemns it unheard. It has certain obvious advantages. Knowing that he is working for his own benefit as well as for that of his office, and that he is nourishing a disposable capital asset, the book-interest agent usually seeks "sound" business, avoids the speculative or uncertain, and (above all) carefully "nurses" policy-owners whose premiums fall into arrears—all to keep up the value of his nominating interest in the book. Moreover, since it is only the mutual societies, and not the proprietary companies, who now operate the book-interest system, he knows that he is working for policy-holders and not for shareholders. The Life Offices say that the system produces "men of excellent type," by which, I find, they mean men who can sell life assurance and keep it alive. (This saves them the considerable expense of a special canvassing staff.) There is no doubt that the "insurance man" has earned, among the people, a reputation for probity and worldly wisdom that transcends his immediate purpose. His familiarity with figures, his promptness in paying claims, his esoteric jargon, his legerdemain with fountain pens, and the fact that, in spite of all this, he is a man-of-the-people, have combined to make him a kind of side-door oracle, sharing the family's teapot and tribulations. But these "men of excellent type" are less plentiful than they were. The era of full employment has called them, and the insurance industry's uncertain future has deflected them, into safer and better jobs; and one kind of man who often contemplates "buying a book," the ex-service man with a small disability allowance, the policeman or teacher on a break-down pension, is not welcome to the book-interest life offices because they want men *solely* dependent on their books for a living.

Against the book-interest system it is said that the expenses of collection are rather higher, that the process of reducing them is immensely more complicated, and that so long as the insurances remain in force the existing rates of commission must always be allowed because of the agent's "nominating right." But in addition to all this it presents, to the unwary novice, certain risks that give it, perhaps, a rather worse name than it deserves. The idea of "buying a book" and working it up into a profitable living was one that attracted many men with war service gratuities to "invest." There are stories of agents with incomes of £2,000 or even £3,000 a year, agents who leave all the collecting to deputies and devote their own time to the acquisition of "new business." Some of these stories are true: there is an Arnold Bennett "Card" in every such community. But in the ordinary way, an agent who makes £500 a year to-day is working hard. Moreover, now that the war gratuities have gone, there are few men with the ready cash to buy a book outright, and recourse is had to a mortgage system peculiar to this industry. A typical story, worth telling in full for the light it throws on what is perhaps the least satisfactory aspect of "book-interest," has recently come to my knowledge.

Mr. X, wanting a change of occupation and an open-air life, bought a life assurance "book" for £600 from a local agent who had advertised his desire to relinquish it. After ten months, partly through ill-health and partly through disenchantment, Mr. X decided to sell in his turn. By an old and tried method of computation it was ascertained that the book was now worth only £550. A purchaser was found who had all the requisite qualities except the money—he could only put up £150; and together they took their case, as so many have done before them, to one of the numerous loan societies set up by former insurance agents (or sometimes by the collecting society itself) for the sole purpose of making loans in cases of this kind. There it was arranged that the incoming agent (in order to pay Mr. X) should borrow £400 at 6½ per cent. on the security of the book, but that until it was repaid Mr. X should leave with the loan society a collateral security of £200, on which he was to receive 4 per cent.

This is a simple enough arrangement—similar, indeed, to the pre-war practice of the speculative builder, who was able to offer a £575 house for £25 down by putting in £150 of his own. It should perhaps be emphasised that the object of the loan societies is not merely to enable incoming agents to buy "books" but to enable outgoing agents to sell them. But shortly after the new agent had started work, the District Office re-organised the local business and reshuffled the agents; the book in whose continued prosperity Mr. X was still warmly interested passed (with his consent, which he could have refused) to a third man; and now the trouble began. The third man was soon found to be losing business, an inspector began to accompany him on his rounds, and Mr. X, when he heard of this, wanted his £200 back at once. He made repeated applications

Where every house is different

A STRANGER might wonder why no one in these neat streets of dark green doors has thought to challenge the neighbours by a bolder colour scheme. He might even make the mistake of supposing that the houses in Elm Row were all alike. But if he lived here he would quickly realise that it is not the colour of its front door that lends a house its character, but the people who live behind it.

★ ★ ★

OF ALL WHO DO business hereabouts it is perhaps the insurance man who understands best of all how diverse are the personalities and interests, and how varied the needs and circumstances of these 'average' households. For his job has to do with the most intimate of family financial affairs; to carry it out faithfully he has to bring a very personal service to bear upon problems that are never quite the same in any two homes.

★ ★ ★

AN INDISPENSABLE feature of this service is the regular collection of life assurance premiums when these can most readily be paid—usually at intervals that match the frequency of the pay-packet. But for this there would be many families in this typical street who would almost certainly make no voluntary provision for the future. Among the hundred or so homes there is hardly one where no industrial assurance policies are held. For most of them regular personal saving depends essentially upon the service the insurance man brings to the door.

IN ELM ROW this saving fulfils more often than not a twofold purpose. First and foremost it provides life assurance. There are few whose Home Service Insurance budget does not include provision for financial aid in the event of the breadwinner's death.

THE SECOND and increasingly popular role of Home Service Insurance is to build up a modest reserve of capital for future use. Twenty or thirty years ago the majority of industrial assurance policies taken out were 'whole life' contracts. To-day most new policies are effected with the expectation of enjoying their benefits during life time.

IN THE ELM ROW households, as in most other homes throughout the country, it is the insurance agent to whom the family looks for help and guidance in choosing, from among the wide range of policies, the scheme best suited to domestic needs and means. The very regularity of his visits and the understanding of family problems and aspirations that he inevitably acquires gives him an authority as friend and confidant that is accepted as a matter of course in the homes at which he calls.

IN THIS RESPECT, the agent's responsibilities as family adviser have widened appreciably over the past few decades. The average citizen has set his sights on new standards of life for himself and his family. He looks to his insurance policies as a means of helping to provide future amenities that enable him to look forward to retirement with pleasure rather than anxiety. Endowment assurances maturing at the critical time when careers have to be chosen may spell all the difference between blind alleys and worthwhile jobs for his children. These family plans depend for their fruition upon the services of the insurance man which transform thrift from a conscious effort into a habit.

THIS IS WHERE the domestic economies practised in Elm Row touch upon the wider economy of the nation as a whole. For Home Service Insurance is long-term thrift with a purpose—a purpose which can be fulfilled adequately only if the saving is steady and continuous. This stability, a characteristic of insurance contracts, earns the industry the important place it occupies in our economic life.

HOME SERVICE INSURANCE adds £50 million to the nation's net savings every year. Much of this depends upon the thrift of the 'average' families who live in Elm Row and elsewhere. But it is the personal painstaking service of the insurance man—who knows Elm Row not by the numbers on the front doors but by the people who live behind them—that makes this thrift effort possible.

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices

for it on grounds of hardship, and at length the loan society made him an *ex gratia* payment of £50, plus interest to date. Regarding this (mistakenly, it seems to me) as an admission that he has been unfairly treated, he is now pressing for the rest of his money with redoubled confidence and indignation.

Mr. X told me that there are many former agents in this unenviable position. He sees it simply as an unscrupulous policy of the book-interest life offices, a playing-off of small men against each other, an exploitation of their inexperience, their possible lack of prudence, their anxiety, and their mutual distrust to further the interests of the "office"—as distinct, in some way, from those of the policy-holders. It occurred to me (if not to him) that many of these victims of the system may have wanted the fruits of private enterprise without some of its risks: the risks of the grocer's business on the suburban street corner with a virtual monopoly and highly personal "goodwill." The book-interest system seems to me, on balance, a bad one; and one by one the "mutual life offices" that still use it are changing over, despite much opposition from the agents, to fixed territories and salaries. Except where an arbitrary date is fixed, with a take-it-or-leave-it price offer for all books, the process may take 25 or 30 years, as the numerous book-interests die with their owners and are not renewed. But manifestly, in the field of industrial life assurance there can be no major reform, voluntary or imposed, until book-interest disappears. The stupendous growth of life assurance since the early days of the friendly societies has made it an anachronism.

C. H. ROLPH

On First Looking Into Classics Illustrated

IF I were Keats, or anyone else whose literary development might one day be traced, I suppose I'd think twice before admitting that my Chapman was a 15-cent American children's "comic." But I'm not, and it was.

I read the Iliad, or most of it, in the original and various translations, when I was "doing" Classics. Bits of it stuck in my mind—Astyanax crying with fright at Hector's plume, for instance—and I knew that there must be more in it than met my eye because it was so old and so long and so many quite sensible people obviously thought so much of it. But quite frankly, till recently, I had very little idea what the Iliad was all about. Then a bundle of "comics" came for the children. They were the usual lot—Tom Mix, Riders of the Range, Secrets of the Crypt, The Death Ray, and, to raise the tone, a few of a high-minded series called Classics Illustrated ("Featuring Stories by the World's Greatest Authors"), including The Hunchback of Nôtre Dame, The Gold Bug and—"It's come at last," we groaned—Homer's Iliad.

It looked awful. On the cover, under a flamingly vulgar picture of gods, men in armour, temples, chariots and horses, one with its front legs crossed, we were proudly told that, in case a Complete Adaptation of the Iliad was not enough for our 15c ("post free but send just 10c extra with your order to cover cost of handling"), we were to get also The Biography of the Author (bold of them, it seemed, but in fact it was excellently done), a Pioneer of Science Story, a Heroic Dog Story and a Famous Opera (La Giaconda). On the back it said dogmatically: "There have been no greater story-tellers than these immortal authors," 43 of them, of whom the last were Anthony Hope, Homer and Jack London, in that order. Next month's "soul-stirring drama" would be Joan of Arc, "the story of a simple, devout, dedicated girl without education or military experience . . ."

And so we plunged into this week's soul-stirring drama, Homer's Iliad, in highly coloured strip-pictures, with accompanying balloon captions. First, there is a pre-Iliad introduction. Helen's father tells her to choose a husband from the Greek princes. She does so (Menelaus—coy love-scene in muted blue and black, with vase in background to show we're in Greece). Father dies with blue face, on Recamier couch. Helen blue too. Big bad Trojan Paris sees Helen out for drive with Menelaus. "Crazed by his love for her," he carries her off. Helen's face now red, quite rightly. And so on. Now we're outside the walls of Troy, with all manner of complicated catapults, chariots and ships, all mixed up in a glorious riot of colour.

On the whole the pictures are clear and well-drawn, in their scowling, square-jawed supermen genre, any deviation from which would presumably be ill-received by the strip public. Sometimes they are strikingly absurd and one wonders whether the artist is taking his World's Greatest Authors quite seriously enough. Thetis, for instance, with legs as long as the lady on the soap packet, does—that is, for a sea-nymph, a scandalous belly-flop from Olympus into the sea, denting the water where she hits it. Hera, archly provocative, hands on hips and every curve at work, shimmies up to Zeus, who looks thoroughly limp, as well he may after a 12-day blind and then a visit from Thetis. A truthful thought-bubble from Hera would contain the words: "Now what have you been up to, you old fox," but Wardour Street convention tones it down to "Who has been with you, O lover of plots?" In one of the useful explanatory footnotes, Hera is typed as "The Goddess of Married Life," which must muddle the children somewhat.

The interventions of the gods in Book V are now fixed firmly, if absurdly, in my mind. When Aeneas is wounded, his mother, Aphrodite, darts down, wraps him in a blanket and flies off with him. Diomed wings her with his spear and she drops Aeneas, blanket and all, to be neatly fielded by Apollo, who gives Diomed a piece of his mind for wounding goddesses. Then Hera and Athene sally forth to encourage the Greeks. They go, according to Homer, *πελειάσιν ἴθμαθ' ὁμοῖαι* but the literal-minded artist, overlooking the fact that later one of them has to speak with the voice of Stentor and the other to stand by Diomed and hold his horse's bridle, turns them both into large, seagullish birds. One is for some reason black and peers in understandable anxiety at its left wing, which is upside down. Hera, her wings now hopelessly adrift, cleverly addresses the Greeks in the likeness of a dove disguised as Stentor—or vice versa. Athene goes to Diomed and, efficiently back-winging, pecks his shoulder sore, saying scornfully: "I don't know whether you're tired or afraid, but you're not like your father." This remark, pointless as it may seem to anyone who has not read the original, strikes home to Diomed and he registers, in the orthodox wavy-edged thought-bubble: "It is the Goddess Athene." The seagull, encouraged by this recognition, collects its wings, folds them and settles down cosily, like the dove it set out to be, on Diomed's good shoulder, to give him his pep-talk.

The text—commentary in coloured squares, talk in white balloons and thoughts in bubbles—is definitely serious in intention. It is also consistently slightly funny, if you stop to think about it. The shocking thing is that you don't, and that is either the ultimate condemnation or the ultimate praise of Classics Illustrated—I don't know which. You are swept on by the pictures, and it soon seems natural for one square-jawed warrior to say to another, "This wound will stay you from fighting," and the other to answer, "Not so. You've wounded me not at all, but see what I'll send." Or, "'Tis for Hector to speak for he began this matter and what he wills I will also." 'Tis the old problem of absurd archaism and convention versus an often even more absurd realism. The only intentional concession to common speech is the use of I'll, he'll, you'd in the balloons, which looks queer mixed with the archaic inversion and Wardour Street pomposity. And when the warriors—one can't call them soldiers, so they really can't talk like soldiers—once, and once only, break into something like battlefield slang ("O Ajax, I hear the voice of Ulysses (sic, regrettably) and *it sounds like he's in trouble.*" "Come *let us go help him.*") it sounds very improbable and undignified, from those godlike creatures.

Of course, the whole thing is absurd, flashy and vulgar. The fact remains that in one ordinary, middlebrow, pretty lightweight household, the talking-point for a recent week-end was the Iliad. Next week-end conversation reverted to food, the Club Dance, the weather and the dog. But for two days everyone, grown-ups and children alike, lived on terms of not very respectful familiarity with Homer's gods and heroes. The children played Greeks and Trojans instead of cops and robbers, asked how a god could be as weak as Zeus, and demanded charts of the sides. We grown-ups hunted about for Loeb and Lang, Leaf and Myers, and, under pretext of checking-up on the adaptation, read great chunks of them with surprised delight. Since then I've been doing something I never did before—just thinking about the Iliad. Though my thoughts may be pretty simple and elementary for a one-time "classic," at least they're clearer and more genuinely interested than they ever were while I was plodding through the battles in a non-illustrated, non-adapted text, with no heroic dog story as a bonus, seeing practically nothing of the wood for the trees. At last I've realised that the great ten years' war was fought because a beautiful woman was taken from Greece to Troy, and the epic struggle of the Iliad, with all its death and doom, was caused by a petty quarrel between two men over a girl. The muddled, maddening, irresponsible interventions of the gods are now fixed in my mind, if only in the shape of Apollo fielding Aeneas when Aphrodite dropped him, or Hera as a seagull with its wings upside down.

What is in the adaptation, the blood and thunder and the goings-on of the gods, cannot be spoilt by strip vulgarity. The things that could be spoilt, the artist and adaptor had the taste and restraint to leave out. We do not, thank goodness, see Helen on the walls of Troy, Hector saying goodbye to Andromache and Astyanax, or Andromache getting his bath ready when we know he has been killed. We are mercifully left to come to our own conclusions about the larger issues of the Iliad, the tragedy of war, the pettiness of both men and gods in face of fate. But we are rather comically put on our way for the demesne of deep-browed Homer. "Now that you have read the Classics Illustrated Edition," we are told at the end, "don't miss the added enjoyment of reading the original, obtainable at your school or public library." What I like about it is that no one anywhere depresses the young by pointing out that the original is 24 books long and in Greek.

MARGARET USBORNE

OXYGEN

OXYGEN is the element that occurs most abundantly in nature. One-fifth of the air consists of oxygen, and without it life could not exist. It is oxygen which causes iron to rust and enables a fire to burn. Discovered in 1774 by Joseph Priestley, and independently by the Swede, William Scheele, oxygen was so named because it was at first believed to be an acid-former. Pure oxygen is produced commercially by liquefying air and then separating the oxygen by distillation. Stored in cylinders, the gas is used in welding and steel-making, as well as to aid breathing in high-flying aircraft and for medical purposes. The importance of oxygen to the chemical industry lies in the fact that substances burn in it to form oxides. Without burning there would be no industrial power, and very little chemical manufacturing would be possible. The oxides enter into almost every phase of chemical manufacture. I.C.I. burns sulphur in atmospheric oxygen to form sulphur dioxide as the first step in producing sulphuric acid, and makes nitric acid by combining oxygen and ammonia. Combined with carbon, oxygen forms carbon dioxide which in its solid form is important as an industrial raw material and as a refrigerant. Solid carbon dioxide made by I.C.I. is sold under the name of "Drikold."

ICI

The Arts and Entertainment

THREE OPERAS

Porgy and Bess, an opera like no other, arriving in London 17 years late, seems likely to fill the Stoll Theatre for a long time to come. It is a vivid, exciting spectacle, often amusing, sometimes touching and always beautiful to the eye. What, you ask, of the ear? Well, let orthodox musicians say what they like, Gershwin's music has sincerity, abundant vitality and enough melodic inspiration to tide it over its evident weaknesses. Without any operatic tradition to build on, and with scarcely any academic technique, the composer plunged into his subject and produced a sprawling, untidy, lovable score, with enough life in it to survive some 2000 performances and all manner of re-arrangement and re-orchestration. He took as his basis a popular play about Negro tenement life in Charleston which is roughly the equivalent of early Sean O'Casey without the genius, and he clothed it in a musical language which is a highly personal mixture of several related styles. There are Negro spirituals; there are fishermen's shanties; there are jazz idioms of various shades of sophistication; and there are haunting street cries, realised here with exquisite art by Ray Yeates as the Crab Man and by Helen Dowdy as the Strawberry Woman. Gershwin's handling of all this material is ingenious and endearing; where he stumbles is in the connecting material. Apart from conventional hurry-music and cute repetitions of melodic phrases in shifting keys, he has little idea how to get along from one number to the next; and, like some of his betters, he has not succeeded in discovering a style of English recitative which sounds easy and natural.

Individually and collectively, the Negro cast is brilliant. They convey the vivacity, the squalor, the humour and the violence of the work; but not, perhaps, all its lyrical sweetness. The odious Sportin' Life—opera's greatest spiv—is presented with immense relish by Cab Calloway. William Warfield is a touching Porgy, and Leontyne Price a vivid Bess; but neither of them squeezes all the honey out of their music. The same qualification is true of Helen Colbert's Clara, but Helen Thigpen's Serena is splendidly sung. Two years ago I saw *Porgy und Bess* given in German by a white company at Zurich; and, perverse though it may seem to say so, the purely lyrical scenes sounded richer and more affecting in that performance, because words and tune were strongly projected into the house by good opera singers, and supported by the warm sound of an opera-house orchestra, in contrast to the skinny tone produced by the anonymous players at the Stoll. Besides, some of the transpositions of episodes from act to act in the present production strike me as dubious improvements. But do not miss Gershwin's *Porgy*. He possessed the rare gift of spontaneous melody, and it is not surprising that some of his Porgy tunes have attained, in America, the status of folksong.

The production of Verdi's *Nabucco* at Cardiff by the Welsh National Opera Company not only justifies the support of the Cardiff Corporation and the Arts Council, but provides a sound reason for any opera enthusiast to contemplate a special journey to Wales. Although the Cardiff season is now over, *Nabucco* will be given four more performances at the Empire Theatre, Swansea, on November 10, 12, 14 and 20 (alternating with *Carmen* and *Il Trovatore*). It was clever of somebody to perceive the natural link between early Verdi, the Old Testament and the Welsh passion for singing; the company, half professional and half amateur, fell on the rough old masterpiece with holy joy. The patriotic choruses of the first act filled the rather cold, antiseptic spaces of the Sophia Gardens Pavilion with a noble tumult, and prepared us for the impassioned lament of Act 3, the swinging "Va pensiero" which made Verdi famous.

We expected to hear splendid choral singing; but the other requirements of this rare and by no means simple opera had been almost as fully met. The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra (happily reprieved from threatened extinction) gave an admirable account of the score under the company's permanent musical director, Leo Quayle; as elsewhere in early Verdi, crude scoring alternates with passages of delicate colour, and the latter were sensitively handled. John Moody showed ingenuity in disposing of large crowds on a small stage, and Patrick Robertson's sets, made in the company's own workrooms, were simple, effective and sometimes beautiful. Of the principals, the sympathetic Fenena was sung with firm, clear tone by a local soprano, Joan Stevens. Ronald Jackson (Nebuchadnezzar), Tano Ferendinos (Ishmael) and Hervey Alan (Zaccariah) brought professional skill to the three leading male parts. But the stage was dominated by the splendid Abigail of Ruth Packer. Abigail is a whale of a part, not for mezzo-soprano (as has been strangely asserted), but for a dramatic soprano with the range of Aida and the timbre of Lady Macbeth. Only once does this virago show a tender aspect, in the lovely G major aria which opens Act 2; and here Miss Packer delighted us by the suavity of her phrasing as much as she electrified us elsewhere by her vigour and clean attack. Her voice is admittedly no longer in its first freshness, but it is strange that singing of this calibre has not won a wider recognition in the past. It is strange, too, that *Nabucco*—an obvious box-office draw—should have been neglected in London for a hundred years or so.

The Seraglio has arrived belatedly at Sadler's Wells in the brand-new translation of Professor Dent. He has lost none of his old skill. What could be a neater or more natural equivalent for Blonde's "Welche Wonne, welche Lust" than "How delightful it will be When the ship puts out to sea"? Here and there he has played for some easy laughs, as in Blonde's contribution to the finale: "I'm going home to English food And English beer to quench my dryness." Isn't she going home to Spain, as Pedrillo's wife? In practice, the dialogue got rather more laughs than the merry translator himself can have intended, since the audience decided to rag the noble sentiments of the Pasha Selim (Gavin Gordon) as though they were patriotic speeches from *Young England*. The more serious parts of Mozart's scheme were in danger of foundering altogether, but were saved by the brilliantly accurate singing of Jennifer Vyvyan as Constanze: she is a great acquisition to the company. Marion Studholme's pert and very musical Blonde was one of the best things she has done. The men were less satisfactory. Stanley Clarkson has too light and dry a bass for Osmin, whom he presented as a quite unfrightening old silly. As Belmonte, Rowland Jones took a long time to get into his stride. Ereach Riley showed talent as Pedrillo, but was handicapped by a ludicrous costume. The designs of Peter Rice were the weakest feature in a performance which has much to recommend it—not least the playing of the reconstituted orchestra under James Robertson. Clive Carey produced.

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THE LAST BRIDIE

As the crowning item of a festival in pious memory of their founder, the late James Bridie, the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre has just been staging his posthumous play, *The Baikie Charivari*. This belongs to the class of his intellectual fantasias, a form which he very much fancied, though, truth to tell, he never managed to get control of it. It would be agreeable in the circumstances to be able to record that this, the last play of his, was an exception. But I am afraid that it is not. *The Baikie Charivari* is filled with amusing passages but it is also filled with false starts and dropped herrings. It is continually entertaining, but finally unsatisfying. It provides a far more enjoyable evening in the theatre than most playwrights give us, yet leaves us feeling provoked that its author could never be induced to discipline his talent more severely.

The play sets off, as commonly with this kind of Bridie, on a thoroughly diverting and promising notion. Sir James Pounce-Pellott has retired from a Governorship in India and proposes to settle down at a Clydeside resort, Baikie. He has chosen this place because he has decided to use his retirement to start life afresh. Baikie will provide him with a good cross-section of Scottish life, and this fresh start of his is to be a voyage of discovery. What is life in contemporary Britain really like? What values do people live by, what makes them, as we say, "tick"? So each specimen he picks up he treats as virgin ground and assembles round himself a variegated collection, a Communist councillor, a lady psychiatrist, an anarchical beach boy, the local minister, a lady American publisher on a visit, a self-important Civil Servant. They are woven loosely but convincingly enough into the pattern, which is working up into a Grand Debate.

Any other playwright might have been content with this framework. Not so Bridie. Before we reach the end we have had any number of interruptions to smudge the line. There is the inevitable Bridie Devil, intervening from above from time to time and conjuring up three irrelevant though amusing witches who have read their *Macbeth*. Then the playwright is also, concurrently as the lawyers say, putting over two fancies which he never succeeds in integrating into the play though he obviously feels them important if we may judge from his short preface. "There is a tradition", he tells us, "that the celebrated character of Punch is a projection of Pontius Pilate". Pontius Pilate was also a proconsul and must have at some time retired. Therefore our Sir James Pounce-Pellott is, in some way, a projection of Pontius Pilate-Punch. These are entertaining analogies, but they need very much more thorough working-in than they get here. By stray allusions and veiled hints we know them to be somewhere at work in the play but they tease more than they illuminate, and the main outline remains this cross-section of opinion leading up to a final symposium. This, when eventually it comes, is a little disappointing. Sir James himself comments that the arguments the others propound amount to nothing more than the discussions in a third-class railway carriage, and assuming Punch's guise and Punch's club he proceeds to knock them out one by one. Only then does a slightly new note creep in. He sees himself and his kind ground between the millstones of the Communists and the Church. He deplores what he cannot alter and in a closing speech of real passion vows at least to go down fighting.

Outlining a Bridie play inevitably reduces it, for it is in the detail that it expands. For one thing, he wrote parts which actors enjoy and can use to communicate enjoyment. Here, for instance, there is a delightful George Cole part in an anarchist beach boy and there at Glasgow is Mr. George Cole to relish it for us; a Lady Pounce-Pellott overwhelmed by the change in her circumstances and her husband's inconsiderateness gives Miss Ursula Jeans a long and difficult part compounded in equal parts of repose and irony, and admirably she plays it. The part of Sir James requires a virtuoso display and Mr. Donald Eccles takes his chance with command and variety. Then there are a series of caricatures each nicely caught by the resident company —James Gibson, Madeleine Christie, Marilyn Gray and Marion Matthews are especially noticeable. Mr. Peter Potter is to be congratulated on the production which matches the author in invention and ingenuity: and Mr. John Wilson's settings are first-class. The atmosphere of the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre is so warm and hospitable, so generously chuckling and quickly receptive that I understand only too well why Bridie never came South. Yet I cannot help wondering now whether that was the best climate for his talent or whether something less indulgent might not have strengthened it.

Mr. Bernard Miles is certainly using his Mermaid Theatre adventurously. At a time when the Little Theatre movement has been all but swamped by the try-out gamble, he puts his stage to its proper purpose of experiment. True, his first attempts of this season have provided only negative results. But they are necessarily negatives. Considering the way the Shakespearean purists are talking, someone obviously had to prove that acting the plays with sixteenth-century gestures and pronunciation had nothing of positive interest to offer us. The Mermaid production of *Macbeth* established this, at least to my satisfaction, once and for all. The current production is Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, and it was interesting to see whether one of these realistic Jacobean comedies would play better than they read. Negative again. This one at least struck me as a pedestrian comedy of intrigue with neither language nor style nor bawdry to redeem its all-too-obvious mechanics. In three hundred years, no doubt, snooty critics will say the same about a current revival of *Private Lives*; and they will probably add that it is all the same interesting to see for the light it throws on contemporary manners and modes.

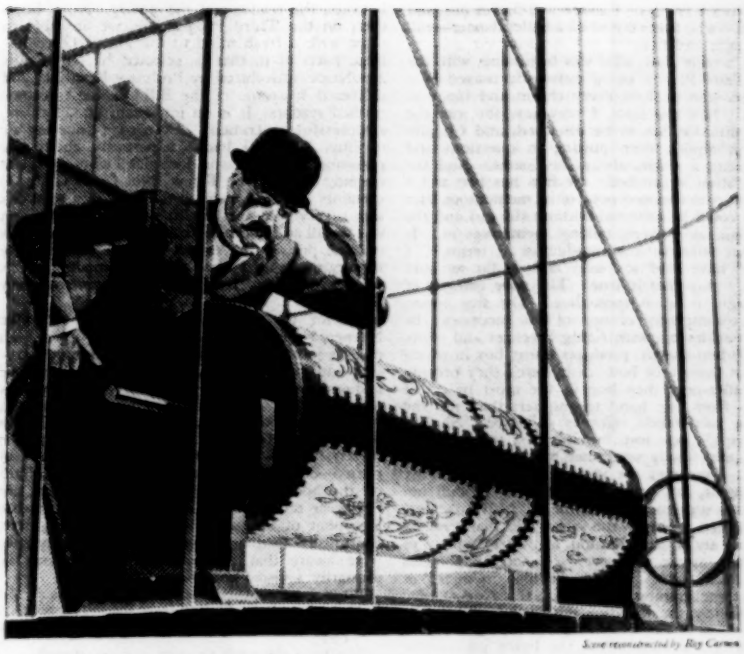
T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Limelight," at the Odeon

I am dazzled, having just come away from *Limelight*. It has perhaps a few words too many; I haven't enough. Wonderful Chaplin! This isn't his funniest film—and never set out to be—but it contains most of himself.

First then, it's not about Charlie but about Chaplin; about love and fame, age coming on, loneliness, joy of living, and dread of dying. He has seen himself in the London of 1917, a famous music-hall comedian in decline. The great Calvero has been "resting" these twelve months, and resting at his age means R.I.P. Home he comes drunk, rolling delicately, with something dandyish of stage and sport (the music-hall look) in his white cravat, velvet collar, trim bowler. Having negotiated the Pimlican steps and doorway, he pauses on the stairs to light the splayed end of a cigar; sniffs it—no; raises one instep to see what his shoe can have picked up; sniffs again; and then, just as, with a shrug, he is about to canon gently away upstairs to bed, notices a towel stuffed under a door. Odd! But we have already broached the door and looked into the gas-filled room, when the girl lies clutching a medicine-phial; a slow tracking-up out of the street before Calvero's intrusion. So the film has opened. It hasn't started funny, and won't end so. Its prevailing mood is rather a sad ecstasy, a struggle and acceptance, in which the comic instinct plays a



Scene reconstructed by Roy Carter

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sometimes wry part. Calvero will flicker out, and the girl—who turns out to be a ballet dancer—will catch light and live.

It is a trifle slow, after this beginning, with the girl (Claire Bloom) being insistently coaxed by a Calvero who exploits every charm and fancy to please. Not too slow, I may say, for me; the girl's situation has to be disclosed, and Chaplin even in repose, even putting in questions and moralising a shade, always fascinates. And the deliberation is justified: the film has two and a half hours to run, and none of its momentous later stages could be achieved without the girl and the old man, as it were, talking themselves in. Is Chaplin talkative a contradiction in terms? I should have said so once; and as far as pure comedy goes that is true. The pure comedy of *Limelight* is again speechless. The flea dance, Calvero's memory of one of his successes: he swashbuckles on, with riding breeches and whip, but, no lion-trainer, produces a tiny box in which are two fleas; they bow (as it were), they prepare their allez-oop, they hop in the most lyrical of curves from one hand to another; then the she of the pair rebels, ignores a hissed "Shall I squeeze?", gets lost, horribly lost in the baggy pants, and finally sends her master jumping off-stage. I see that the spoken word, without my noticing it, has crept in even here, though not into the supreme pantomime of Calvero's final appearance. This is the violin and piano act by Chaplin and Buster Keaton, as perfect a piece of clowning as we shall ever see, and invigorating as a Bach fugue. There are also moments of pantomime coming and going, the rose-and-the rock sketch, the flirtation with the landlady, the tragic head of Calvero sitting alone forgotten in a corner of the stage while the lights go out one by one.

But in general Chaplin speaks (and sings) here more than ever before; he employs a terse humour, a simple poetry, which amuse and excite precisely to the degree in which they embody himself. As once Chaplin was Charlie, so here—to all intents and purposes—he is Chaplin. His mimicry, his daydreams of happiness and a better world, his love and admiration and his dread of failure (dread, really, of loss of love)—all are Chaplin. And the autobiography, in his favourite form of a fairy-tale, is profoundly moving.

Among all his films this seems to me—at the moment anyway—his best made and his best; its characters are most deeply rooted in humanity, and its heroine (Miss Claire Bloom beautifully seizes her chances) comes to life with a rare charm. The Chaplin face is seen in all its variety of tears and disguise. *Limelight* isn't, despite its hints of farewell, an end, but a beginning. He must go on making films, on and on. . . .

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

"SPENCER in what he saith hath a way of expression peculiar to himself . . . if one heed him not with great attention, rare and wonderfull conceptions will unperceived slide by him that readeth his works." So wrote Sir Kenelm Digby in 1638. And Coleridge, two centuries later: "Pray mark the swanlike movement. . . . His attention to metre and rhythm is sometimes so extremely minute as to be painful to my ear, and you know how highly I prize good versification." But today Spenser is, of all major English poets, the one most in need of a new judgment. It is his fate to taste of the lecture room: no longer the "poet's poet," he is the poet of youth with the note-book, and of academic age. Humanism, Allegory, the Alexandrine, Mulcaster, the Vernacular—these are the wardens and barriers between the reader and the poetry. Now, however, on the Third Programme, we are able to come with a fresh mind to the *Faerie Queene*—large parts of it, that is, selected by Mr. Louis MacNeice, introduced by Professor Renwick, and delivered by some of the B.B.C.'s most accomplished readers. It is an important and, I think, a successful experiment. Even so, a lingering air of Eng. Lit. still hangs vaporously about the presentation. Professor Renwick, who gave the opening talk ("Who Knows Not Colin Clout?") certainly turned a name at the back of a textbook into a very pleasant human voice: his exposition was useful and not in the least academic: but he is still the professorial expert and one of our early literary mentors. I hope that the remaining talks will cover a yet wider range of contemporary opinion.

As for the poetry itself, given a receptive listener, it flows on like a river, or a dream: an endless journey through the Elizabethan countryside—dungeons, castles, sorcerers: green woods and open spaces. "Pray mark the swanlike movement," in fact. The story does not greatly matter, nor do the people: the Red Cross Knight is a tedious character; Una hardly less so; Duessa is merely beastly. (Una-Duessa—sin in the guise of purity—does, however, throw an interesting light on the poet.) What we wait for, of course, are the great reflective passages: the famous suicide argument of Despaire, for instance. Even here, beautifully read as it was (by Esmé Percy), we were aware that the impact of the poetry is, primarily, a visual one:—

> What if some little paine the passage haue,
> That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
> Is not shorte paine well borne, that brings long ease.
> And layes the soule to sleep in quiet graue?

No rendering of this in the spoken voice can give the exact and strange effect that it makes on the silent reader.

For some time now, one of the most enterprising drama periods has been the Home Service on Sunday afternoons. The fact that the audience for that particular time is an unknown one encourages experiment, I like to think: at least, there is no feeling, as there is on Saturday nights, of aiming at a particular brand of listener. The choice, also, is unpredictable. Last week's was *Gone to Earth*, a pleasant little production, so sincerely and consistently acted that we could accept the rather touchy Shropshire lad-and-lasserie of Mary Webb without raising an eyebrow. The week before we had a play based on Balzac's *Colonel Chabert*, a granite theme, hard to dismiss from the mind, and not least for its performance by Martin Lewis as the Colonel, the one vulnerable character in the stoniest of settings.

The week ended with an item of unusual interest—Epstein, in an interview with Hubert Wellington, expounding his views on modern art ("I want greater richness of content and meaning, instead of impoverished inverted forms") and explaining the development of his own. He is not a natural speaker, but the occasion was a valuable one, reminding us that this is a use to which radio could even more often be put.

NAOMI LEWIS

"Letter from Paris," at the Aldwych

It would be hard to think of a more unpromising literary marriage than that announced between Miss Dodie Smith and Henry James. This is the unsuitable union which is solemnised in an adaptation of *The Reverberator*; and it will surprise no one who is acquainted with both the parties that the affair hardly survived the first night. The old master of the finer shades and the younger mistress of the sentimental cliché speak languages so different that neither was able to understand the other's intentions. Nor was theirs the only language difficulty. *The Reverberator* is the tale of a clash between a family of dreadfully vulgar Americans and a family of dreadfully grand French. But no actors could be found, it seems, to encompass either idiom; and standard stage Kensington fought a hopeless losing battle alike with the Yankee of the Dossons and the rolled *r*s of the Proberts. Add a production which seemed bent on missing all the points, and the failure was complete. Miss Smith is expert in her own line, and the most successful scenes came towards the end where she felt herself free to exploit the James situation untrammelled by the Jamesian texture. By then it was too late. Miss Brenda Bruce, woefully miscast on all three counts as a simple vulgar beauty, struggled bravely against the odds. T. C. W.

Barbara Hepworth, at the Lefevre

For many years Barbara Hepworth sought for poetry in geometry, explored in the solid. Such mathematically governed forms as "helicoids in sphere" or "pierced hemisphere" were typical of her findings, and rather dull. Yet frequently the organic distorted the mathematical and we got (much more interesting), a lop-sided egg-form pierced by uneven, diminishing tunnels. Such works had the smooth, ascetic, impersonal beauty of the organic seashell. It is possible that her most significant work is of this non-figurative order—for sculpture is often successful in this idiom where painting is not. Still, Barbara Hepworth has lately moved farther away from the non-figurative. In her present exhibition, most of the pieces are figures nearly human. Some of these new vertical figure-forms, in honey- or wine-coloured woods, twist upwards, lean, and almost sway with a life, if not that of trees, perhaps of tree-spirits. Whereas her stone is often impersonal to the point of being dead—dead of over-refinement—her wood forms breathe: they are statements about the personality of wood, one might say. It is true, of course, that all her shapes have been produced essentially *from the outside*—rather than felt from the inside outwards. She is visual where most sculptors are tactile in their approach. Her forms are interesting for their profiles not for their volumes; they have nothing of that extreme subtlety of shape, or of movement in the surface, which can only result from the second process—the process where the sculptor, working blind, makes his form from the blind muscular dictates of his own hands, arms, his whole body . . . and then, when he pauses, *looks* at the result, as if for the first time. Yet her opposite method of constructing her forms, at each stage, to the demands of a most sensitive eye, has had its reward. She has created a species of perfection. P. H.

"Reflection," at Sadler's Wells

John Cranko's latest ballet, *Reflection*, designed for the Sadler's Wells Theatre company, concerns two people called Narcissus and Echo who have apparently nothing to do with the characters known to mythology; yet the ballet sets out as a serious attempt to analyse the struggles of a narcissist in terms of dancing. This leads to a confusion of ideas which it is hard to sort out. Had the hero been called Jack and the heroine Jill the theme would have been much clearer; as it is, the audience must be left puzzling over the discrepancies between the characters in the ballet and the myth. At the end of the ballet version of the story Narcissus murders Echo, only to find—inevitably—that he has murdered himself, while the two schizophrenic shadows of his personality slink away. In spite of being incoherent this work has power and invention: the movements are potent with atmospheric frenzy, while there is a grey subconscious weight about Keith New's decor—one of those baffled landscapes of lumps and gullies. John Gardner's music is, on first hearing, unsympathetic, though it develops to a suitably dramatic climax for Echo's murder, which, with its angular violence and subtle sense of control, makes one of the best choreographic murders yet devised. David Poole is interesting, but almost too neurotic as Narcissus; he certainly did not, as in Freud's definition of the complex, "lavish upon his own body all the caresses usually expended only on a sexual object other than himself," but concentrated with seemingly violent feelings on the many young ladies around him. A.F.

MAIDEN SPEECHES—During the last few years Miss Paston has acted as a spiritual guide to a well-known M.P. "I go into a trance and compose his speeches for him," she explained.
Brighton and Hove Gazette.

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Correspondence

"AFTER THE BATTLE"

SIR,—In your article under this heading last week you wrote: "These two men [Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell] . . . can, if they wish, exclude the Left from sharing in the work of the Parliamentary Committee." This is inaccurate and misleading. I assume you implied that an intense "lobbying" campaign before the elections to the Parliamentary Committee would succeed in excluding any Bevanite candidates. There is no indication that such tactics, even in the unlikely event of any party leaders being so ill-advised as to employ them, would be successful.

Well over half the Parliamentary Labour Party is neither Bevanite nor anti-Bevanite. This section includes many who criticise in varying degree both wings. It embraces those who prefer to judge issues on their merits rather than on the personalities involved, and who eschew inner loyalties within the wider loyalty to the Labour Party and the cause of Socialism—those who averted a split some six months ago by refusing to consider expulsions.

They now appreciate that the composition of the new Parliamentary Committee for the coming session will be the most important element in resolving, or failing to resolve, our present differences. It is essential that the new Committee shall reflect, far better than did the old, the various shades of opinion within the Parliamentary Party. To enable it to do this there must of course be Bevanite representation. But it is equally important that this large body of independent opinion should also be adequately represented on the Committee. From discussions with many of my colleagues I am convinced that this is what the majority of the Parliamentary Party desires.

Whether the permutations arising from 290-odd M.P.s voting for 12 out of perhaps 30 or 40 candidates will produce a result approximating to the wish of the majority, remains to be seen. But it is quite wrong to imply, as your article did, that Labour members can be coerced or cajoled into voting in these vital elections against their better judgment.

House of Commons. KENNETH ROBINSON

HISTORY OF EUROPE

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor's article on Fisher's *History of Europe* is a masterly essay in the art of the intellectual smear. By this I mean that by an artful use of quotation and comment he contrives to leave the impression that Fisher was a womanish old don, and that his history is no more than a bare record of events which his sheltered life prevented him from comprehending; yet when the quotations are examined, the comments analysed, they are found to justify no such verdict.

I give examples. Taylor quotes Fisher as "laying it down" that "peace is always wiser than war." Well, isn't it? Of course it is.

"From the story of Socrates" Fisher "drew the comforting conclusion: 'it is idle to suppose that the influence of a great liberating mind can be stayed by persecution.'" But can it? Of course it can't. He quotes Fisher's Chinaman as wondering whether "an attitude of mind towards the ultimate mysteries, less aspiring, less heroic and less confident than that which prevailed among Western Christians was not . . . more conducive to human comfort." But would it not have been? Why are these very sensible remarks held up to scorn?

Fisher again is laughed at for the parochialism of his suggestion that the "social problem . . . had to be handled in the English way by tactful concession." Well, why not? Have we been so unsuccessful in handling our social problems? "Nothing," Taylor goes on disparagingly, "could better reveal the outlook of English social reformers from Disraeli to the Fabians." Is that attitude then so reprehensible? "At most he," the reader of Fisher, "will notice the glorious story of the abolition of slavery." But is it not a glorious story?

As a final example take his valedictory comment designed to sum up the spirit of Fisher's *History*—"Humanists of the world unite!" Wouldn't the world be a much better place if they did unite? What would Taylor substitute—dictators of the world unite; thugs of the world unite; or even perhaps Communists of the world unite?

As to the general censure implied by the remark, the reader of Fisher will have "run over a vast catalogue of facts," as if facts were the last thing you would expect to find in a history, surely the layman may be forgiven for wanting to learn just what happened and when it happened and be grateful to Fisher for telling him so clearly and concisely, even if Europe, as Taylor puts it, does "escape him." (Parenthetically one wonders whether Europe has "escaped" Taylor or whether he has got it nobbled.) And surely there are too many different ways of writing history, and too many different conceptions of what history should be trying to do to entitle a fellow historian to look down his nose at the man who tries to record events in their sequence with dates.

O these academic toffs! These superior persons! In the light of Fisher's achievement it is difficult to deny oneself the fun of asking Mr. Taylor who he is and what he is that he should rail in this fashion at the man who was willing to undertake the prodigious labour of setting out for the benefit of non-historians what the complex and troubled past of Europe has been. Even the fact that it turns out to have been extremely unpleasant and such as to lead to a pessimistic view of mankind is turned to Fisher's discredit—the reader "is left at the end with the impression only of human folly and violence." Well, what if he is? A historian greater than Fisher, greater even than Taylor, has observed that "history is the record of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." C. E. M. JOAD

PAUL ROBESON

SIR,—I have just returned from a three month visit to America. Although medical work was the purpose of my trip, I had the opportunity of meeting many Americans of many political views. Among them was Paul Robeson, about whom I write.

Paul Robeson's political life and consciousness was, as you know, begun in the British Labour Movement between the two wars. He has many personal friends among us, as well as many who admire him as an acknowledged leader of the Negro minority, and as a great singer. Though many of us do not share his party affiliations, our admiration for his courage is not a jot the less. He has asked me to write saying that things are, at the moment, getting easier for him. The intolerance, which at its height eighteen months ago placed his life in jeopardy in all but solid Negro quarters, has begun to lighten. He is able to get halls and churches in which to sing and in this is being helped by a number of courageous liberal American men and women of all parties.

He says he would dearly like to return to England for a few months, to sing songs of the Labour Movement, to Labour and trade union audiences. As you know, his passport has been denied. He believes, rightly, I think, that if we in the British Labour Movement here ask for him to be allowed to come, it will add to the considerable liberal pressure already felt in America, and may influence the State Department. If any of your readers can get their organisations to send resolutions to the American Embassy, they could help tip the balance.

Lest it be thought that such a course is anti-American, may I say that no one who had received the kindness and hospitality in America that I have had, could possibly advocate an anti-American action. America is a bewildered and anxious nation, holding millions of staunch liberal people who work to preserve those freedoms that MacArthurism seeks to douse. Confused and disunited, their strength is less than their numbers. To support liberty, in this and other issues, is the most pro-American activity of all.

44 Hamilton Terrace, NICOLAS MALLESON
London, N.W.8.

ANTI-AMERICAN?

SIR,—We love Paul Blanshard because he has done yeoman work against the clerical Right in this country—which, let's face it, is the motivating force behind the McCarthys and the McCarrans.

It is therefore distressing to see in a letter in your issue of September 27, the peevish chauvinism displayed by that otherwise noble soul.

Have you noticed that it is *chic* in American "liberal circles" to regard THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as "anti-American"? The State Department, which is pre-occupied with Eternal Values, speaks huffily of "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION crowd" as if Crossman and Kingsley Martin were George III and Lord North incarnate.

I think the Blanshard letter reveals what has been implicit in all this other talk: that this group of "liberals" just doesn't read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION very thoroughly. I do, and I have never read anything in it that I could properly call "anti-American." I find the publication singularly refreshing because I do not believe that its people think in terms of nations or states. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is anti-witch-hunt and it is anti-war. It is Socialist (is this anti-American?). Perhaps it is entirely wrong about everything. But as a twelfth-generation American I swear it is not "anti-American." EDWARD HALE

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RENT RESTRICTION

SIR,—Your correspondents are at loggerheads: one suggests that local authorities should take over repairs to Rent Restricted houses, another says that a local council can be as bad as any landlord. Unless the opponents of all-round rent increases, including the Parliamentary Labour Party, can reach some degree of unanimity on the way to tackle the problem, the Conservative Government will push their scheme through the gap in their opponents' ranks.

The crux of the problem is that maintenance and repairs are two different things. Maintenance can be budgeted in advance and spread over the years; repairs come very heavily at once and may cost ten or twenty times the annual rent, because there comes a time with a house, as with a car, when only a complete overhaul will keep it going. Even the best of landlords can be involved in an enormous bill for repairs: a disease like dry rot can take hold without any neglect on the landlord's part.

A statutory percentage increase in rent is of no avail in helping a landlord to pay for major repairs: £5 a year more will not foot a bill for £200.

What is needed is a source where landlords can find the funds for refits and improvements to their houses. It is useless to look to local authorities for those funds: they are already in financial difficulties keeping up their own estates. And, anyhow, why should the ratepayer subsidise private landlords?

What is needed is a National Housing Bank, enabled to grant long-term loans at reasonable interest on the security of future rents. The capital for this bank should be raised on the market, and the interest and repayment guaranteed by the Exchequer. To enable the Chancellor to meet the extra obligation involved, and to insure that the general taxpayer is not required to foot the bill, a special rate of tax, say an extra 6d. in the £, should be levied on the Schedule A assessments of all except owner-occupied houses. (This is a more effective method than getting landlords to pay over a portion of the rents to a fund, as has been suggested.)

Nothing could be more calculated to bring public ownership into disrepute than to hand over to local authorities a lot of broken down property. Let the landlords look after their own property, let the local authority serve sanitary notices to keep them up to the mark, but let us not be so short-sighted as to deny the landlords access to the funds needed for the job.

PETER BENENSON

Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green.

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SOVIET CHILDREN'S BOOKS

SIR,—Like your two correspondents, Mrs. Hilda Lewis and Mr. Peter Ibbotson, I too have just returned from Russia.

I brought back with me some 30 periodicals and books written for children. I have shown them to booksellers, writers and teachers and have tried them out on my own children and on the children I teach.

Everybody, children and grown-ups alike are most enthusiastic about them—the layout, the printing and the paper—but most of all about the generous, pertinent and beautiful illustrations, which in the case of baby books make the text almost unnecessary . . . as I was told in Russia "only the best artists illustrate our children's books."

This afternoon I read the letters of Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Ibbotson and took up my Russian books again and considered Mr. Ibbotson's assertion that none of our British children's books are as good as the Russian ones. I went out to a book shop in King's Road and browsed about in the children's section. The books were lovely—"Britain in Colour" (10/6), "The Babar" books (12/6), "Peep Show" books (7/6), Golden Books (American, 2/6) and best of all our "Puffin" books, unfortunately increased in price now to 2/6. They were as attractive as even Tolstoi's "Three Bears."

So I found myself in agreement with Hilda Lewis to the extent that the best of our children's books are as good as the best of the Russian children's books. The sting is the price.

None of these Russian books I have here cost more than 2 Roubles (about 1/-) some of them 60 Kopeks (about 6d.). Most of them have the original printed price crossed out and a new reduced price pencilled in. Books, like other consumer goods in Russia, are going down in price. The Children's Publishing House can sell at cost price because it has to consider only the need of the children and never possible profits.

We have the writers, the artists, the craftsmanship to make lovely books—we have thousands of children who would love to have them, and yet, because the price is too high for most parents, our children are driven to the depraved "comics" which have nothing whatever to commend them and should be banned by any discriminating teacher or parent.

8 Halsey Street, S.W.3. MARY BAXTER

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Mr. Colin T. Smith says the American airmen in Chinese hands, Enoch and Quinn, have "made statements describing their part in the dropping of germ bombs." We know these statements from the Dean of Canterbury's publicity and, as they appeared there, they described no such thing. These airmen in their statements say they attended a lecture on germ warfare; right. On another occasion they were instructed to report when they dropped H.E. bombs which did not go off. They had some runs of duds and, as they had been instructed, they reported this. Their superiors took note of their reports. That is all.

The fact that a bomb does not go off is no evidence that it is full of germs; it is more likely to be simply a dud. If a diabolical senior officer wants to plant germ bombs on an innocent junior officer, does he draw his attention by demanding a report on what happens when the bombs hit the ground? There is no evidence in these statements of anything but that the Americans in Korea had some dud bombs, and that senior officers were worried about this. The rest is pretty clearly a couple of overwrought junior officers, unnerved by Chinese propaganda, adding two and two to make five.

W. HILTON YOUNG

Leinster Corner,
Lancaster Gate, W.2.

UNDER-PRIVILEGED

SIR,—Mr. Graham Greene, in a recent NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, speaks of Charlie Chaplin's compassion for the "weak and the under-privileged". What, in English, is the meaning of "under-privileged"? To many people in this country it would seem to be self-contradictory, since it implies that everybody can be privileged. Privilege consists in the exclusive enjoyment of some advantage by a group in the community; should all share this advantage the element of privilege would evaporate.

In primitive communities, where slavery persists, some distinction might be drawn between under-privilege and non-privilege, upon the grounds that there are three groups—those with many rights, those with few rights, and those with no rights at all; it cannot be drawn where all enjoy, in theory, equal rights. It is true that in any country, however equitable its institutions, some citizens may be found who are, in practice, shouldered out of the rights to which they are by law entitled, and who cannot bring pressure to support their just claims; but Mr. Greene covers this class of person by the word "weak". So good a writer does not use two words where one will do. By "under-privileged" he must mean something else.

In the United States his meaning would be clear, for there the term is generally accepted as a euphemism for a very small pay packet. Many Americans fight shy of the word "poor"; they feel it to be indelicate and it evokes echoes of the jibe: *If you're so smart, why ain' you rich?* To describe a man as poor is to disparage him.

We have not, hitherto, felt this embarrassment in England. Our writers, from Langland to Dickens, have been able to talk of poor men without any implied insult. But the growing popularity of this euphemism suggests a change of attitude, and the time may be coming when we feel that "poor" is a rude, old word which we must not use any more. Like most rude, old words it is short; its disappearance may do credit to our social conscience, but the substitution of five-and-a-half syllables for one-and-a-half is not an unmixed blessing to our language and literature. The poets of the future will have a stiff enough row to hoe, in any case; it is a pity that they should be robbed of yet another useful, unpretentious word, should they concern themselves with "the short and simple annals" of the under-privileged.

11 Argyll Road, W.8. MARGARET KENNEDY

KENYA PETITION

SIR,—The hysteria worked up in the capitalist press about the "Mau Mau" is diverting attention from the real problems in Kenya. It is true that some papers have shed a few crocodile tears about the hardships of the Africans, but the general effect of the campaign is seen in the series of repressive measures affecting all African organisations.

One practical way in which Socialists can protest is to give support to the Kenya Land Petition. This seeks to abolish the worst features of land alienation which has destroyed for thousands of Africans the basis of their livelihood. The Petition has the backing of a considerable group of Labour M.P.s. and will be presented during the forthcoming session of Parliament. It is urgently necessary to get as many signatures as possible.

The Petition is being organised in this country by the Congress of Peoples Against Imperialism and we appeal to readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to write for a copy at once to the address below.

We shall also be pleased to give information about the general work of the Congress of Peoples to anyone interested.

DOUGLAS ROGERS,
Joint Secretary.

Congress of Peoples
Against Imperialism,
6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

M. LOUIS ESCHENAUER

SIR,—I am told that my description of M. Louis Eschenauer ("prefers speaking German to French") in a recent article on Bordeaux, is inaccurate and has upset M. Eschenauer's family. I apologise. M. Eschenauer's Alsatian parents, in fact, settled in Bordeaux just before his birth.

JOHN FREEMAN

Books in General

THREE hundred years ago, in 1652, George Fox, the first Quaker, wandering westwards through the Yorkshire dales, came to Pendle Hill, "and was moved by the Lord to go up to the top of it."* From that moment a new religion can be dated: for thence, as he afterwards wrote, "I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire, and there, on the top, I was moved to sound the day of the Lord, and the Lord let me see in what places he had a great people to be gathered." This promised land was the remote peninsula of Furness, cut off from England by hills and moors and the treacherous tidal sands of Morecambe Bay. Thither Fox went, walking, as always, in his famous leather breeches, and testifying on the way; there, at Swarthmoor Hall, the home of Judge Fell, he was received and entertained; and there he made the great conquest without which it is impossible to conceive the later history of his movement.

Margaret Fell, the Judge's wife, had had "a vision of a man in a white hat that should come and confound the priests." Now she met him. That evening, she afterwards wrote, Fox "opened us a book that we had never read in, nor indeed had never heard that it was our duty to read in—the Light of Christ in our consciences." A few days later Fox walked suddenly into the parish church before the sermon and began to speak. "I stood up in my pew," wrote Margaret Fell, "and wondered at his doctrine, for I had never heard such before." From that time Margaret Fell was a Quaker and Swarthmoor Hall was the centre and headquarters, as it is still one of the holy places, of Quakerism. There the early Quakers had their meetings, thence they went out on their astonishing pilgrimages, thither they returned as to a home and a base. It was the cradle, the springboard, the office, the registry, the library of the movement; from it the missionaries, many of them local men, went out to convert Scotland and Ireland, Holland and Germany, Turkey and Egypt, the redskins of America and the subjects of Prester John; and always they were organised by George Fox and corresponded with Margaret Fell, and their correspondence was copied and filed at Swarthmoor Hall. By all contemporary observers Quakerism was regarded as a north-country movement. "Those that come from the North," declared an indignant south-country member when Parliament was first disconcerted by their antics, "are the greatest pests of the nation"; and a member for Cumberland admitted, among less accurate statements, that they swarmed particularly in his constituency. "They meet," he said, "in multitudes and upon moors, *in terrorem populi*."

Certainly, these new apostles frightened the conservative classes: were they not radicals, the irrepressible heirs of those Levellers and Anabaptists who had so nearly plunged England into a new revolution? In fact, they were not: but the error was venial. For the Quakers had indeed started as just another of those numerous proletarian sects which, directed by some local prophet, exploiting the principle of toleration, and appealing to the equalitarian principle of the Inner Light, had sought to canalize a private rivulet of radical discontent. As for George Fox, his own record of his early life hardly differs from that of the lunatic Fifth-Monarchy saint, John Rogers. He would walk alone all night, making strange noises, or sit all day in hollow trees. He would call down the wrath of God, for no apparent reason, on the "bloody city of Lichfield"; like any other radical he would denounce humane learning, tithes and the law; and he would unctuously chronicle (or imagine) the repeated evidence of his own election, the lingering diseases and painful deaths of those who doubted it. No wonder the provincial squires of Cromwell's parliaments failed to distinguish Quakers from other proletarian radicals. In 1656, when Fox's disciple James Naylor had "run out into imaginations," those champions of religious toleration vied with one another in holy ferocity. Let his tongue be bored, cried a colonel; and his lips slit, added a major-general; let him be whipped, urged an alderman, from Westminster to the Old Exchange. Some would send him to the Scilly Isles, some to the Isle of Dogs. "We are God's executioners," declared a retired clergyman, "and ought to be tender of his honour." "I shall speak no more," said a medical man, "but let us all stop our ears and stone him."

And yet, if squires and colonels turned purple at the name of Quakerism, finer spirits, in spite of its extravagancies, were drawn gradually towards it. Irresistibly it spread; it won converts far outside its original social frontiers; and in 1660, when the other sects evaporated overnight, it survived and prospered, a world movement: indeed, the only world movement to have been generated by our provincial Revolution.

What was the cause of this unique success, this spectacular survival? Partly, of course, it was the personality of its founder, that strange, compulsive personality which caused his enemies so often to charge him with witchcraft. Throughout his life it shone through his disorderly expression and made converts even among his enemies, who, though they sometimes thrust him into gaol, beat him unconscious, and threw him over walls, into ponds and down pits, would sometimes also (as he complacently records) part to make way for him crying, "Oh he shines, he glisters!" But even more it was his message: the message by which the Inner Light became not, as with the other sectaries, the right to unlimited private interpretation leading to unlimited compliance and special pleading, but the duty of absolute integrity: let your Yea be Yea and your Nay Nay. Never was the need for such integrity more widely felt than in the last days of the Puritan Revolution.

Periods of revolution are sometimes supposed to liberate heroic actions and profound thoughts. The evidence for this supposition is very tenuous. More often they generate political corruption and intellectual dishonesty. Traditional restraints dissolve, new fears and new opportunities are more easily indulged, and high ideals, which sometimes fire a revolution, are easily adjusted in the course of it. This is that *trahison des clercs* which M. Benda supposed a new phenomenon of our century but which in fact is to be found in all unquiet periods. In the Puritan Revolution every victorious group had in turn adjusted its ideals to its interests, and consequently, as each in turn failed in its politics, it found itself without moral virtue upon which to fall back. So, while the leaders made their terms, their followers abandoned them and, accepting political defeat, looked for more consistent religious leaders whom, in defeat, they could still follow. They found the Quakers. First the other sectaries, disgusted with the greed and scramble of their old leaders, the "jangling Baptists," turned in shoals to Quakerism. Others followed. In 1657 John Lilburn, the defeated Leveller leader, deserted by his allies, died a Quaker. In the same year Isaac Pennington, whose father had once, as Lord Mayor, financed the rebellion, but was now foundering in bankruptcy, listened to a sermon by Fox and became a Quaker. Sir Henry Vane, the defeated Republican, tired of his crooked career, maintained, during his disgrace at Raby Castle, a household of Quakers. Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, the daughter and granddaughter of Kings, after years of exile, became a Quaker. Elizabeth Claypole, Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, in the height of her father's power, became a Quaker. And Cromwell himself, always genuinely tolerant, genuinely searching for religious truth, received Fox at Whitehall, suspended State business while he talked with him, kept him to dinner, and in the end sent him away, with tears in his eyes—those tears which, according to his enemies, he could so skilfully produce—saying, "come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to another."

Such was the Quakerism which survived the year of Restoration to enjoy, in a new, more confident climate, a second efflorescence. Nevertheless, the second stage was different from the first. In 1688, the year of aristocratic revolution, George Fox was still alive; so was Margaret Fell who, the Judge being dead, had become his wife; but the leadership was already sliding into other hands, and the second founder of the movement, William Penn, came from a different class. His youth had been spent not in hollow trees in Leicestershire but in the *beau monde* of Paris and the viceregal court of Dublin; and when he went to America, it was not, like Fox, to wander preaching through the perils of the Indian wilderness (which lose nothing in his telling) but as Lord Proprietor of Pennsylvania, to settle a pacifist colony among the equally pacifist Delaware Indians. Even Fox, in his old age, like so many successful founders, began to disclaim his early radicalism and after his death friends took care to expurgate from his writings that evidence of unseemly enthusiasm, social challenge, and questionable egotism which later, more historically minded Quakers have since, with equal care, restored.

Thus the Quakers too, like those other sects whom they had once absorbed and survived, compromised gradually with that society against which they had once protested. Little by little, as a movement, they ceased to challenge, they preferred to ignore the difficult facts of human organisation. In colonial America, as now in Europe, they blindly advocated the appeasement

* *The Journal of George Fox*. Revised edition by JOHN L. NICKALLS. *Cambridge*. 21*s*.

of threatening tribes; and if their wealth had begun, in the days of George Fox, through their scrupulous observance of that medieval concept, "the just price," it was continued, by some of them at least, by more usual commercial practices. In truth, how seldom is a great protest renewed by a movement which it has first launched! Nevertheless, it is the strength of any tradition that some men within it can always refresh themselves from its sources. The long political servility of Lutheranism was broken by the protest of Niemöller; the Quaker acceptance of society was challenged again by Elizabeth Fry. But who today, among that quiet and prosperous community, is likely to challenge, as boldly and eccentrically as George Fox, our *trahison des clercs?*

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROES

When they in all their bravery took the knock
And like obedient children swaddled and bound
Were borne to sleep deep in the chambered rock,
A splendour broke from that impervious ground

Which they would never see. Whence came that greatness?
No fiery chariot wheeled them heavenwards; they
Saw no Elysium opening, but the straitness
Of full submission bound them where they lay.

What could that greatness be? It was not fame.
Yet now they seemed to grow as they grew less,
And where they lay were more than where they had stood.
They did not go to any beatitude,
They were stripped clean of feature, presence, name,
When that strange glory broke from namelessness.

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VICTORIAN JUNGLE

The Years With Mother. By AUGUSTUS HARE. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

In the *D.N.B.*, Augustus Hare's six-volume *Story of My Life* is interred under the epitaph: "Long, tedious and indiscreet." And that seemed to be that, since there was not a chance of exhumation for the author's sake. Augustus Hare knew "everybody" in Victorian England, and half the Continent as well; he was an indefatigable guest in stately homes, a seasoned Englishman abroad, a fount of literary guides, and of interminably pious memoirs which were all the vogue, moving Carlyle to tears and netting Hare himself the post of travelling tutor to a future monarch. Which means that he is no one to posterity. On top of that he had no life, but was a mere habitué of other people's; and as a writer his professed ideal was to go on and on. In this last venture he achieved it, too—working on what would doubtless have been Volume Seven, to the last gasp. Yet this, unlike his former efforts, had been ill received. It was not edifying, even in those days it was thought too long, and presently it rated as extinct and buried. But you never can tell. Today we have Sir Shane Leslie calling it "the best of bedside books," and mourning the unfinished sequel. And now, in manageable size, it is restored to view. Nearly two-thirds have been cut out, leaving two handsome volumes, of which *The Years With Mother* is the first. I am quite sure it is well done—but solely on internal evidence. This was my first encounter with Augustus Hare, and Malcolm Barnes, his editor, is my unique informant.

I should describe the virgin impact as amaze of a familiar kind. Somehow, the dim and secondary figures of a past society plunge one far deeper in its oddity than the more famous. Augustus had a passion for the odd; he was a *raconteur*, as well as an inveterate collector, of uncanny tales. But none of them can rival the flamboyant strangeness of his family chronicle. This is how it starts off:

> In 1727, Miss Grace Naylor, of Hurstmonceaux, though she was beloved, charming, and beautiful, died very mysteriously in her twenty-first year in the immense and weird old castle of which she had been the heiress. She was affirmed to have been starved by her former governess, but the fact was never proved. Her property passed to her first cousin Francis Hare . . .

And the Hares did not flag. In a succeeding generation (but still on the first page) the lovely Sarah Hare dies "very suddenly from eating ices when overheated at a ball." The husband took a second wife who, in her jealousy of Sarah's sons, pulled down Hurstmonceaux Castle, meaning to build a great house of her own. However, it was built on entailed land, and went to Sarah's offspring after all. The wicked stepmother

> lived on to a great age . . . and coming back to Hurstmonceaux in childish senility, would wander round and round the castle ruins in the early morning and late evening, wringing her hands and saying—"Who could have done such a wicked thing: oh! who could have done such a wicked thing, as to pull down this beautiful old place?"

So it goes on. This is the lost, lamented Eden of the individual—a jungle full of outsize "characters," exotic doings, and dense, inviolate, malarial scrub.

In the next age, the Hares were very naturally "ruined"—though not at all hard up. Hurstmonceaux Place was gone; but they had still the rectory, a family living with "Uncle Julius" as incumbent. Augustus grew up in its shadow, under the angel-Mother (really another uncle's widow) who had adopted him at birth. Why he so doted on her it is hard to tell: except that she had asked for him, and his own mother instantly replied: "My dear Maria, how very kind of you!" Mother, who had a lifelong jealousy of "Mrs. Hare," passed on the very words of this rejection; clearly they always rankled, and it seems likely that his Mother-worship had the same root. For after all, apart from wanting him she gave him little but a bad time. His childhood was incredibly forlorn. No toys, no playmates were allowed. If he expressed a wish, it was refused on principle, to break his will. Sometimes—as when he begged to ask a family of children to a birthday tea—the mere expression of it would be punished. In such a case, the minister was Uncle Julius with his horsewhip; for in a pious way, Mother and Julius Hare were thick as thieves. This might seem discipline enough; but there was worse to come. One fatal year, they all went to the Lakes with Esther Maurice—one of the godly sisters of F.D., Julius's former pupil and associate. Mother had brought her as a treat,

> . . . never foreseeing, what every one else foresaw, that Uncle Julius, who had always a passion for governesses, would certainly propose to her. Bitter were the tears which my mother shed when this result—to her alone unexpected—actually took place. It was the most dismal of betrothals: Esther sobbed and cried, my mother sobbed and cried, Uncle Julius sobbed and cried daily. I used to see them sitting holding each other's hands and crying on the banks of the Rotha.

It was Augustus who had cause for tears; thenceforth, by all the Maurices, he was chastised with scorpions. One of Aunt Esther's typical exploits was to demand his cat. Augustus clove to it, in agonies of grief. Mother compelled him to surrender it. Aunt Esther—caused it to be hung.

These are not highlights; his youth was just as dismal and preposterous from end to end. The later years, when he grew up and started travelling with Mother, have far less unity of interest. Still, they abound in good things—sketches of travel in its golden age, of Rome before the Flood, and of such Hare-like and fantastic figures as the Family Spy or the egregious Madame de Trafford, who patronised Hare's sister "Esmeralda" and had second sight, and to whom "extraordinary things often happened between two and four in the morning." I won't say much for the uncanny tales, which may be admirable in their genre. But any number of the bits and pieces will be read out by all who have the book, to the first audience available.

K. JOHN

OTHERNESS

The Reluctant Healer. By W. J. MACMILLAN. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

If a Man Be Mad. By HAROLD MAINE. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The problem of most autobiographers—those, at least, concerned with self-revelation—is that there isn't enough self to go round: we are nearly all, when it comes to the point, bits and pieces of other people. Pebbles on a beach, we try to fancy ourselves the only pebble. This dilemma does not trouble the men of genius, the children of nature; nor does it seriously embarrass Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Maine, who belong to that lucky order—lucky from the writing point of view—which is hounded out of self (whatever that may be) by an Other. Mr. Macmillan harbours an angel: he can heal with a touch. Mr. Maine has the demon drink. Rob the one of his touch and the other of his fever, and the illumination goes out of both.

Mr. Macmillan is almost the more uneasy and resistant of the two. Otherness came upon him—an American theological student during his third year in London—at a dinner party when one of the guests, a medium, leaned across the table and said, "You are a healer." He could and did—though much disliking the role—cure his hostess's sinusitis on the spot. A bunion followed: why, he couldn't help wondering, a bunion, between tea and dinner, in a friend's kitchen? It vanished with magical abruptness; and the relieved sufferer went on with her job of preparing a meal. Mr. Macmillan struggled with religious doubts, with a sense of humour; but in fact he had very little choice in the matter. Patients thrust themselves on him. Very soon he had asked for and received a Home Office permit to practice as a "psycho-therapeutist" and was tackling, with laborious success, a case of progressive muscular atrophy, in which the patient had lost even the ability to swallow. Mr.

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Macmillan evolved a way of life and a technique. His powers came from God: most of those who visited him believed not in God but in him. His business, he decided, was to cure, leaving conversion to others. This infringed the trade union regulations of both medicine and the Church. But by this time, overcome by work, he was used to being unspeakable.

His story is told frankly, lightly, with detachment. We learn something of his religious struggle, but a good more about the worries and humours of an undocketed profession. Oddity, as one might expect, cropped up. He discovered other aptitudes, clairvoyance, automatic writing. A highly professional lady with a crystal and a monkey in Park Lane tried to lure him into fortune-telling; he was "warned" of a landslide just in time as he and a companion were walking in the Tyrol; a Tibetan monk called mysteriously and revealed him as a member of a mystic sect, conjuring up on his chest the sign of the order. Mr. Macmillan takes things as they come, acts on the instructions of an inner voice, performs miracles conscientiously, and, leaving the world behind, enjoys very much being in it. The enormous merit of *The Reluctant Healer* is that we don't for a moment question its fantastic incidents. Its Americanism both charms and amuses. Mr. Macmillan's worst fault is a tendency to exclaim, over bad lodgings or financial dumps, "Heaven, why have you done this to me?"

Mr. Maine's predisposition is one from which, in order to write his book, he had first to rid himself. Drink had got the better of poetry, of two marriages, and finally of reason. He was flung into prisons and institutions: almost everywhere the routine was brutal and little attempt was made to treat patients. Getting better, Mr. Maine worked out his curiosities and guilts by taking a job as male nurse. The shift of view gives us an exciting and hideous panorama of the hells to which the insane in America are committed. Any improvement is, apparently, precluded except as a matter of politics; though here and there, hopelessly outnumbered, Mr. Maine discovered the wise doctor, the gentle assistant, the nurse not callously remote. His revelation of what he calls the "caste" system—each layer of authority being insulated from the next above it, so that between patient and doctor there are no contacts—could hardly be blacker.

The Other, in Mr. Maine's case, makes swift, terrible returns. In the end, if thoroughly expelled, he waits round a corner, ready for the moment of over-confidence, of despair. He can never go.

G. W. STONIER

TWO SPANISH WRITERS

Unamuno. By ARTURO BAREA. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6s.

Lorca. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6s.

When Unamuno died at the end of 1936, a few weeks after his removal from the rectorship of Salamanca University by the Franco authorities whom he had at first supported, his death seemed to symbolise the eclipse of Spanish liberalism. Whichever way the Civil War might end, there could be no room for many years for the doubts and revisions which characterised his thinking. Yet to class Unamuno as a liberal, with the associations of the academic and the open mind which the word may carry, is clearly not adequate. A middle-class Basque who made his career in Castile, was exiled to France and nourished his mind on Kant and Kierkegaard, he lived an unresolved inner conflict between tradition and progress, between his impatience with a crumbling provincialism and his distrust of the new international mass movements. Innately religious, his passionately pursued personal search easily reminds the English reader of the "doubts" of Victorian Anglicanism. But its context, as Señor Barea shows, was wider and more dramatic. Unamuno felt his personal dilemma as inseparable from the national dilemma and between 1900 and 1930 was continually pointing to roads which Spain might take in practice.

Once Unamuno is accepted as the experimental conscience of his generation, in the same way as his contemporary, Gide, was for France, interesting light is thrown on more than one national psychology. For Gide, the product of a still relatively confident society, the chief problem was always one of morality—of conduct by persons whose reality seemed self-evident. For the Spaniard—to return to Señor Barea's convincing analysis—the root preoccupation was with existence, illustrated in his craving for an after-life, his doubt whether "life is a dream," his reshuffling in philosophical writings and fiction of the national and individual ego. In such a world of uncertainties, ethics necessarily take second place. The perhaps irreparable damage suffered by the concept "France" in 1940 put moralists like Gide immediately out of date and understandably opened the door to Existentialism which claims Unamuno among its forerunners. The process need not stop with France. While Spain has tried to return to an old—no doubt illusory—certainty, Unamuno's predicament, in various local guises, is spreading to other societies. *Angst*, the fear of the Button-Moulder, is internationally catching.

Señor Barea's short study treats Unamuno chiefly in relation to his Spanish background. He handles a voluminous and difficult subject with great clarity and should be read by anyone interested in still vital currents of European thought.

Lorca's vitality, Mr. Campbell argues in a companion volume in the same series, owes nothing to political considerations. The Left-wing idolisation and the reaction which has followed (which he exaggerates) are both beside the point and what we have is a poet rooted in the Andalusian soil yet, paradoxically, universal. Lorca "grafted on to the tree of popular tradition his own gorgeous ramification of the sophisticated and highly literary Gongorine tradition" and so performed the miracle of "combining the most cultivated artifice of baroque poetry with the ingenuous art of the people." This æsthetic approach should be fruitful, though it is reached only after a somewhat windy airing of personal views. But the venting of indignation is as good a way of working-in to the subject as the Miltonic Invocation to the Muse or O. Henry's bottle of rye; it is the subject that matters. But here Mr. Campbell remains confused by trying to give too much. He explodes his Lorca at us, showering fragments not only of Gongora, but of half a dozen other poets of the *Siglo de Oro*, of the Roman Cordova of Seneca and Lucan, of Apollinaire, of "probably" Baudelaire and Lautréamont, of "perhaps" Valéry and of his own lived experiences in the Sierra. The echoes of Lorca's refracted imagery can be prolonged endlessly, but first we should know whether we are concerned with a Master Alchemist or with a *pierrot lunaire*, and this question is not squarely faced. Yet this too full-hearted study does communicate something of its own excitement. Its particular interest is that it contains several hundred lines of Campbell's own translations of Lorca, most of them new. In their skill and self-effacement they are the best tribute to the original.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

THE KING'S PAINTER

The Life and Art of Allan Ramsay. By ALASTAIR SMART. *Routledge.* 30s.

This account of the man who preceded Sir Joshua Reynolds as the King's Portrait Painter and who was a friend of David Hume, Johnson and Boswell will be keenly enjoyed by readers who are not interested in the technical mysteries of "impasto," compositional devices or background masks. Mr. Smart develops his story against a setting rich in skilfully selected contemporary detail, but does not overburden it by undue preoccupation with the social history of the period. He includes just the right amount of amusing and relevant anecdote, and rewarding digression.

There is a wide divergence of views as to the merits of Ramsay as a painter, although his reputation has for some years now been increasing as more and more examples of his work have been seen in galleries in Edinburgh and London. While Mr. R. H. Wilenski in his *English Painting* dismisses him as a "still-life painter," Mr. Ellis Waterhouse of the Barber Institute allows him "a secure place among the most distinguished of British portrait painters." Even in his own lifetime he lost esteem at the end of his days, when he spent years doing little else than execute copies of royal portraits; and when he died in 1784 some of the principal obituary notices made scant reference to him as an artist, and enlarged on his reputation as a publicist and wit. But his controversial writing and conversation won him the friendship of some of the great literary and social figures of his age, and made him a considerable figure in the "polite and literary world."

Mr. Smart gives us a carefully supported appraisal of Ramsay's merits as an artist and deals knowledgeably with the various influences upon his development. As a biographer, his industry has been rewarded by his good fortune in finding much hitherto unknown material, and it is the good fortune of his readers that he has a selective eye and a sense of balance, so that our interest is never allowed to flag while he flogs a theory or labours a conjecture. The text is most intelligently illustrated with reproductions, and provided with helpful footnotes.

Mr. Smart has taken great pains to acquaint himself with Ramsay's finest work, which justifies the confidence of his assessment of the painter's merits. He has further shown a happy knack of selecting passages from contemporary literature illustrative of the various sides of Ramsay's character and its impact on his many friends. We have a lively picture of the painter's father—Ramsay the poet (the writer of *The Gentle Shepherd*) struggling to promote his theatre and suffering the opposition of the Kirk in

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Edinburgh—and the sounds and smells of the Canongate are vividly recalled to our senses. No less effective are the passages describing the younger Ramsay's early visits to the Continent and his friendship with Hume, Boswell and other great literary figures late in his life. The contemporary controversies are brought to life with skill and a sense of proportion, as are also the shadowy figures of Ramsay's royal and aristocratic patrons. Mr. Smart has earned our gratitude for writing this scholarly and readable book, full of good judgment and successful pictures of eighteenth-century polite society in Scotland and England, centring on a painter whose best work deserves to be better known, and whose literary importance is often forgotten.

DAVID CLEGHORN THOMSON

THE NEW FORMULA

American Capitalism. By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

The mood of many American liberals in the Depression years was captured in Lincoln Steffens' comment on the U.S.S.R.: "I have seen the future, and it works." Much of their contemporary confusion is due to a rather shamefaced feeling that, in the last six years, they have seen monopoly capitalism—the supposed devil in their trust-busting tradition—and it also works. Their difficulty has been, first, to rationalise the undoubted post-war success of a system that in theory they dislike, and, secondly, to disabuse their European friends of archaic notions and prejudices about American capitalism. Professor Galbraith's book, therefore, has been a godsend—and the welcome given to the U.S. edition proves this—for at last it offers a plausible "liberal" defence of the *status quo*, couched in respectable Keynesian terms.

The question to which Mr. Galbraith nominally addresses himself is whether a depression is the alternative to the U.S. rearmament and foreign aid programmes. But the greater part of this book is devoted to an elaborate argument that American capitalism has changed its nature. The reason, Mr. Galbraith argues, why a post-war depression was so generally expected is that both liberals and conservatives were thinking in terms of an outdated economic model. Both took at face value the businessman's claim that the U.S. was, or ought to be, a competitive economy. Neither was willing to admit that monopoly capitalism has become the dominant feature of the U.S. economic landscape, and that henceforth the bulk of American production will come from a few giant enterprises. Mr. Galbraith points out that the heads of the trusts which already control between a third and a half of U.S. output could be seated comfortably in a local cinema. In 1947, for instance, 113 firms owned 46 per cent. of the nation's industrial plant.

But Mr. Galbraith is not dismayed by the Age of General Motors. Nor does he inveigh against the growing concentration of capital and the decline of the old regulator of price competition. On the contrary, he welcomes it. Liberals should realise the futility of a crusade against the trusts; it is impossible "to indict a whole economy." So they must come to terms with "oligopoly"—a condition in which a few large sellers dominate each industry, refuse to compete by mutually damaging price rivalry, and prefer to attract custom by competing in the real or alleged quality of their products. Oligopoly, moreover, ensures rapid technical progress, which today requires huge resources for research and development; and it is much more likely to satisfy "social needs" than a myriad of poorly capitalised free-enterprisers. Moreover, as it has destroyed the old "invisible hand" of price competition, so it has created a new regulatory mechanism to replace it; this, in Mr. Galbraith's vocabulary, is the "countervailing power." The rise of the monopoly seller has produced the monopoly buyer. For example, three firms produce all the cornflakes consumed in the U.S. A large supermarket chain—which Mr. Galbraith considers the American counterpart of the consumer co-operative—bought a substantial part of their output. Believing that it was paying too high a price for cornflakes, it had the resources either to go into production itself, or to force down the price merely by this threat. In short, though production is now largely controlled by oligopolies, so is merchandising, and the real struggle with modern American capitalism is between the *original* power of the producer and the *countervailing* power of the consumer, or the merchants who supposedly represent him. This, Mr. Galbraith believes, is the inner meaning of the New Deal and of post-war domestic policy in the U.S. The point of such social legislation, which strengthens unions or gives farmers price supports and subsidies, is to build up the "countervailing" power.

This is indeed an ingenious device for achieving equilibrium in a monopolistic economy, just as Say's Law was supposed to produce equilibrium in the conditions of free competition. But it is more than that. It is a new formula, in the American tradition of checks and balances, which gives liberals a practical policy that fits snugly into the context of a monopoly capitalism. There is no alternative to it, Mr. Galbraith insists, but public ownership and centralised control. But the State cannot solve the vast administrative problems that such nationalisation and planning create. To put it bluntly, he says:

> . . . in a parliamentary democracy with a high standard of living there is no administrative alternative to the decision-making mechanism of capitalism.

Now, in Mr. Galbraith's view, this system is self-balancing. But what happens in a period such as the present, when large-scale arms and foreign aid programmes are added to an economy already at full stretch? Mr. Galbraith admits that, in these circumstances, inflation will con-

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tinue, and that his professional services will not be needed.

But the Keynesian doctor must be called in if a slump is not to be the *alternative* to rearmament. If the tension should ease, and arms spending stop, its place must be taken by financial "props"—at least on the scale of some $20,000 millions a year—partly in Point Four, partly in public housing, the "inevitable dams and ditches" and their like. Mr. Galbraith offers such a "pump-priming" programme as his answer to those who ask if the U.S. can afford peace. But he completely fails to understand that the point of the question is not the technical feasibility of a Keynesian prescription, but its political feasibility. He blandly asserts that Congress would vote the funds, though his assertion rests more on faith than argument. Swept away by his obsession with the virtues of monopoly capitalism, he never stops to ask whether the big corporations would accept the social implications of this domestic programme, which would be far less attractive to them than a continuation of rearmament and inflation on the scale of recent years. It may be better than a slump. But is it better than things as they are?

It is all very well for Mr. Galbraith to resent suggestions that American capitalism is now propped up by armament expenditure. But he himself argues that the fear of depression in the United States is greater than the fear of war. "For the great majority of Americans World War II . . . was almost a casual and pleasant experience." Only a minority suffered. "Because they were a minority the war left no lasting imprint. The depression which afflicted a great majority of the people clearly did." If this is true, then it is at least fair to argue that many Americans may prefer rearmament—which means full employment as well as inflation—to the prospect of another depression. Why risk the loss of present comforts merely for the assurance that any slump could be cured by hypothetical economic medicines? They are medicines, moreover, that the most important patients might well refuse to swallow. If Mr. Galbraith had really faced that issue, he could not have presented this sophisticated apologia for American monopoly capitalism with such complacency.

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NEW NOVELS

Love For Lydia. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hear and Forgive. By EMYR HUMPHREYS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Jabadao. By ANNE DE TOURVILLE. *Britannicus Liber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lucifer's Dream. By JEAN-LOUIS CURTIS. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Love for Lydia raises the interesting question, for how long may a writer significantly continue to do what he can do best? What Mr. Bates can do supremely is to paint with words. Would not, one wonders, a temporary self-denial of this gift preserve a now treacherously sagging line? After his voyages in the purple Orient, he has returned to the green Midland river valley of previous work, to Evensford, with its tanneries, its shoemaking, its isolated farmsteads, its great house. This pastoral setting, exquisitely vivified for the senses, is ostensibly the background for a story of adolescent moulting. The narrator, a junior on the local gazette, is sent to the great house to investigate the strange new arrival, Lydia. He conducts her skating. He falls in love with her. The winter over, he takes her with some friends to a series of dances in the neighbourhood. The pace is as slow as the falling snowflakes of the opening episode. And beautifully done as Mr. Bates's village dances are, they have no more than a merely decorative function. Put one of them unfairly beside the minor work of a great writer. "When the Squire led off with Mrs. Crackenthorpe," in *Silas Marner*, "the charter of Ravaloe seemed to be renewed by the ceremony." Mr. Bates never scores in that masculine way. Gradually Lydia's affections wander—to Blackie, the chauffeur, provoking a fight, to dog-faithful Tom who dies, and finally, after her illness, back to the narrator who has grown up—as well after such a long time he might. It would be inaccurate to say that the characterisation of this simple story is weak. It is tantalisingly strong as far as it goes, but it ceases or seems to get overlooked. Intent on his painting, the author forgets to drag up the truer, deeper nature of his characters.

Of course, they, too, are superbly painted. You can *see* Lydia unforgettably. You can even hear her tone, but the mind remains curious as it shouldn't about what she was actually like. This is so, too, of the oddly imperceptive narrator. He has no existence outside the English country settings. How simply splendid these are, though! I shall long remember that afternoon "the leaves of stylosa irises lay like withered whips under a long south wall," and the faraway scent of drying clover mingling with the sound of the violins at Lydia's birthday party. *Love for Lydia*, indeed, is one grand gourmet's orgy of sensuous descriptive writing, for which many will gratefully forgive its sprawling shapelessness and lack of depth and tension.

For Mr. Bates time is primarily seasonal: for Mr. Humphreys, a young novelist who here comes into the straight with his fourth book, it is actual; it is now. One reads him, in consequence, as a literary bloodhound on the trail, wondering whether this may not at last be it—the major, the new! The trail peters out in this book with the initial discovery that the hero is a novelist. David Flint shares Herr Christoph Issyroo's cathartic enjoyment of confession, but pitched in the farcical rather than the sardonic key. The whole story is a complex joke told, with brisk detachment, disarmingly against himself.

> The Seymour brothers were now definitely set aside. They would make a play perhaps when my reputation as a novelist was sufficiently established to make a venture into the theatre a practical proposition. My notebook now occupied the most prominent position on my desk. It consisted of ideas and impressions. The ideas were numbered. I would continue to jot them down until the "real thing" occurred. . .

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne," and life, as usual, wins. His writing is defeated by his job and his private affairs. He is a teacher of Scripture in a Secondary School, the Bilateral; and he is separated from his wife. Intermittently, too, to make the joke funnier still, Flint is trying to live as a Christian. Thus, he is in the typical plight of the modern intellectual, the false position; but, unlike the novelist-hero of the Thirties, his problem is acutely one of action. He becomes involved in the mechanism of school politics. School intrigue, this vast, rich subject, can never have been more maliciously, penetratingly and brilliantly done. (The episode where one master's *Times* is torn up as a reprisal for another's ripped *Daily Worker* is tearfully funny.) Simultaneously Helen, his wealthy mistress, forces him to ask his pathetic provincial wife for a divorce. By this time Mr. Humphreys has so many individual trumps in his hand—there is a whole pack of minor characters—that he over-reaches himself, ending with two almost unbelievable grand slams. His main point, however, the wages of indecision, remains intact. The book poses pretentiously as a quest for values, but in truth it is that ancient contemporary story—Hamlet. Flint is the brilliant son, incapable of accepting full responsibility; the Head, a convincing morally good character, is the admired father whose career Flint ruins and who forgives him, while Helen is the matriarchal figure of inordinate selfishness who nearly destroys him. A rare fault, over-fluent inventive power, spoils Mr. Humphreys's witty and enjoyable novel.

By a critical manœuvre one could force *Jabadao* into a comparison with *Love for Lydia*. It, too, is a pastoral, but of such a different and earlier kind that it is better to class it by itself as a freak. Cocteau's films—*L'Eternel Retour* and *La Belle et la Bête*—are nearer to it in inspiration than any recent work of fiction. The author, who was awarded the Prix Femina for this first book, comes from Brittany; perhaps some ancestral memory of the Breton lays lingers in her blood, prompting her tale of two lovers, one affluent and one poor. The ritual and lore of the countryside is the material of her prose poem and its theme is union. Very minor though all this may be just now, she brings it off.

I can picture some ardent disciple of M. Sartre's contemptuously dismissing *Jabadao* as an escapist excursion (which is precisely what it is) and recommending *Lucifer's Dream* as an interesting example of "committed" work. Was the intelligent French reading public, despite its weakness for anything which seems to combine a study of degradation with the interplay of "ideas," really taken in by this slackly written and completely unrealised story of the early manhood of a corrupted orphan? Wasn't the stark sentimentality, the perfunctory wallowing, the religiosity, apparent in the original? A poor translation leaves these qualities painfully undisguised.

ANTHONY CURTIS

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THE SERMON IN THE STONE

No Stone Unturned. By IAN HAMILTON. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this book is the young Scotsman who took the Stone of Destiny, otherwise known as the Coronation Stone, from its place in Westminster Abbey. It is an exciting book. It tells how the stone was taken, and also why. The "how" makes a rattling adventure yarn, as full of rich incidents as a John Buchan novel. The "why" of the exploit is woven into the patchy fabric that is known, inexactly, as Scottish nationalism.

"It was difficult; it could be spectacular; it was symbolic; it struck at the very heart of Englishry; it righted an ancient wrong; yet it hurt no one." With the fervour of a crusader in search of the Holy Grail ("Let the cynics laugh and the archbishops howl 'Sacrilege' but the hands of God were over mine when I lifted the stone."), but also with the tremors of an undergraduate on a bigger-than-usual prank, Ian Hamilton and his three colleagues set off by car from Glasgow to acquire the stone that they believed to be rightfully Scottish and improperly retained in London.

It was an occasion. Since Gladstone heard original mutterings about northern home rule the Scots had never translated their vocal aspirations into deeds. There had been no shootings, no bombs, no fires in letter-boxes, none of the gestures that are traditionally accepted by the English as being of serious political intention. When the gesture came it was "to hurt no one." Ian Hamilton hoped that the taking of the stone would further the cause of devolution. "Our fight," he writes, "is not for separation, but for a better Union."

People as diverse as Asquith, Mr. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook have at various times favoured a legislature in the north. At the end of the first world war there was a Parliamentary committee to investigate details of how separate legislatures might be set up. In 1927 the Bill for Home Rule, known as Barr's Bill, reached its second reading. All the parties had a habit of saying that Scottish devolution was a good thing. The Scots remained patient. At the end of the second world war interest in Scottish matters was stimulated by economic and social conditions. When Mr. Herbert Morrison refused an investigation the Scots were persuaded that the path of patience might not be the path of political reason. There emerged the Covenant movement with its thousands of signatories. Though no casual connection was admitted, the Catto Committee was appointed. It was followed this year by the Royal Commission which is at present examining "the arrangements for exercising the functions of Her Majesty's Government in Scotland." There the matter at present rests. The episode of the stone took place at the emotional peak of the Covenant movement, before it was known that the agitation would lead deviously to so sober a constitutional instrument as a Royal Commission.

The taking of the stone caught the imagination of the world. The story that Ian Hamilton tells is a mixture of idealism, patriotic *panache*, and a stubborn implacable concern for his country's welfare. Many of his comments are as roughly hewn as the stone itself. During the "reiving" there was a strange delicacy behind the actions of the entire party. When the stone was about to be removed from the coronation chair it was found necessary to prise away a retaining bar of wood. "It was dry with age, and it cracked and splintered, and I felt sorry, for it did not belong to us." The scrupulous differentiation between "ours" and "theirs," the balancing of mystical romanticism with a knowledge, not unemotional, of the economic deficiencies of Scotland, the careful justifying of illegal means to high moral ends, and the persistent query about father's reactions when he hears his son has burgled Westminster Abbey—these make the major fascination of the book which, in essence, is a study of young patriotism. Sir Compton Mackenzie contributes a nostalgic foreword—there, but for bad luck, went he. And so said many Scots.

NEIL MCCALLUM

SHORTER REVIEWS

To the Bullfight. By JOHN MARKS. *Derek Verschoyle.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The bullfight is a fake antique which impresses the over-ingenious with its suggestions of Mithraism, of a ritual death-dance culminating in the blood-sacrifice, or—most plausibly of all—as the barbaric parallel (a prototype? Or a corruption through those unimaginative Romans?) of pure tragedy. All Aristotle's requirements of pathos, terror and ineluctability are satisfied in the agony of the hero-victim enacted six times in a generous double trilogy in the course of an afternoon. Even the Unities . . . but, alas, the bullfight in its present stylised form was a growth of the eighteenth century. Before that it was either a hunt or a form of tilting at a moving target by aristocratic horsemen. What looks like a basic ritual descends from a kind of pig-sticking.

Mr. Marks makes this clear in his excellent short guide to the bull-ring and plumps for the usual Spanish rationalisation of the *fiesta* as an æsthetic spectacle, "a cruel method of achieving plastic beauty." His main business, however, is to explain just what happens and why in the twenty minutes during which the bull is in the ring. Written in a pleasantly rambling style helped out by well-chosen illustrations, his book should provide the casual tourist with a clear enough outline and the *aficionado* with information on the finer points of technique. His characterisations of famous matadors have a picturesque expertness reminiscent of the best English cricket-writers and he even spares a page to sketch the geography of Spanish cooking. But his remark that "where the people know about bulls they don't care about food" is much too sweeping.

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The Frontenac Mystery. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Frontenacs are a typical enough Mauriac family, living near Bordeaux on their own land, where the pine trees grow into money, and the cicadas scrape all summer, and baskets of peaches and greengages are sent in from the wine-growing estates. What distinguishes the Frontenacs from other similar families whose twin passions are piety and land, is that for once in their case the piety is not curdled and the thrift not twisted. They are warmed, this widowed mother and her brood, by the glow of a particularly sensitive family feeling which softens the harshness and unhappiness of growth. So the first part of this novel is an evocation of boyhood; Jean-Louis, the eldest boy, is steered from incipient revolt into shouldering the family burden; José, the middle boy, remains an untamed hunter; Yves at fifteen is already a poet. The description of their growing up under the warm maternal shadow is beautifully achieved; the unchanging countryside and the familiar house nature them slowly: "The miracle was that they could still bathe in the waters of childhood, even when childhood had long been passed. They were the beneficiaries of a marvellous respite, of a mysterious dispensation."

The mother dies, Jean-Louis takes over, José is sent to the colonies, Yves moves in the jungle of the literary life in Paris. And even there, in the heart of corruption, he is sustained by the Frontenac mystery, Jean-Louis assuming from the dead mother the guardian power. *The Frontenac Mystery* may not be in the first flight of M. Mauriac's novels, but in its treating of the relationship between mother and son, and elder and younger brother, it has a tenderness and truthfulness that is very moving. Once again the English-reading public is in debt to the translator, Mr. Gerard Hopkins.

Fanny Brawne. By JOANNA RICHARDSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s.*

Devotees of Keats have hitherto been responsible for our knowledge of Fanny Brawne; judgment on her has consequently been for the most part summary and damning. Now Miss Richardson appears, if not exactly as her champion, at least with an account in which she takes pride of place. Not that she has anything but praise, indeed, to rehearse of Fanny; but it is her tact which gives her biography its quality. In the first place she recognises that the episode in Fanny's life which makes her interesting at all is the love-affair; and for half of her book she is content that Fanny shall be a still centre around which Keats's passions, joyful and morbid, revolve. Keats destroyed Fanny's letters to him: Miss Richardson does not try to compensate for this by reconstructing Fanny's part out of her own knowledge of human nature, but leaves her quiet vindication over to the second half of the book, "The Years After." From that period there are preserved Fanny's letters to Keats's sister Fanny; along with the twelve years of "widowhood" into which she voluntarily went, they are ample evidence for her true devotion to her poet.

Miss Richardson's whole performance is reticent and scholarly. (That she should occasionally evade a responsibility by blending a Keatsism into her prose is perhaps inevitable.) There are a great many notes, and Fanny's remoter connections have justice decently meted out to them in an appendix. The only full-length likeness of Fanny that has been left us (it is reproduced) is a silhouette. She remains a silhouette; but in the quarrelsome gallery of the Romantics, Miss Richardson is the first fairly to establish her place.

The Conquest of Fear. By HARLEY WILLIAMS. *Cape,* 16*s.*

This is a well-written and unpretentious biographical gallery, chiefly of medical discoverers, but ending with a distinguished physician, Lord Dawson, and a distinguished patient, F. D. R. The genre is not easy, because the discovery tends to dwarf the man, but Dr. Williams strikes a nice balance. For young readers whom one would like to wean from comics, *Men Against Death* or *The Microbe Hunters* hit a suitably dramatic key—they make a constructive substitute for *Decisive Battles of the World*—but for most adults, this book will be preferable. It is sober and interesting—adults, moreover, are today mo ignorant than their juniors of the men to whom we owe the civilised features of our civilisation. The stories themselves are fascinating, of course, but Dr. Williams is primarily interested in the men—Gorgas, Manson, Ross, Roentgen, Father Damien, Jenner—as wide a variety as one could seek, and in each case the book sharpens one's existing idea of them. A good piece of medical history, and, incidentally, a good Christmas present for the right candidate.

The Scottish Islands. By GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is an islander, by adoption if not by birth, and a hater of centralisation, whether it is the work of industrialists or of Socialist planners. So there is no place in his angry, individual and very readable book for purple prose such as flowed so readily from the pen of Compton Mackenzie's island fancier, Hector Hamish Mackay; no place indeed for beauty or romance divorced from the present realities of island life. His eye takes in everything, from the skein of wild geese skimming the machair of the Long Island to the hideous mess left by the wartime air base on Tiree. He sees sermons in asbestos roofs and pre-fabs—and rightly, when the asbestos replaces the traditional Orkney roofing of flagstone, when the pre-fab is within a plasterboard's throw of a granite quarry. He succeeds, with a minimum of word-painting, in characterising each of the main islands of the Hebrides, Shetlands and Orkneys; and each, to him, has a body to be nourished and a soul to be saved. For the theme to which he constantly reverts is the struggle between traditional crafts, arts, occupations and outlooks, and the levelling influences that spread from our urban centres to the remotest croft. Pre-fab or black house, white bread from Glasgow or bere bread and oatcake, tinned pilchards or fresh lobster, *ceilidh* or American film—the clash comes on every level.

The needs of the holidaymakers are not neglected; there is practical advice on midges, whisky and the right clothes for island weather; there are a hundred splendid photographs, many by the author, which stress buildings rather than views. But the mainspring of the book is an angry concern for the islands as places to live in all the year round—and how refreshing to have a book on the subject written out of anger rather than nostalgia!

Adlai Stevenson. By NOEL BUSCH. *Allen.* 15*s.*

The most remarkable thing about this book is the speed at which it has been produced. Mr. Busch's very topical "portrait" of Governor Stevenson had the finishing touches put to it at the end of July, and it includes photographs of the Democratic Convention and extracts from Mr. Stevenson's speech accepting nomination. The first part of the book is a light and colourful sketch of Stevenson's personality, his eccentricities and his habits. There is a routine account of his rise from the ranks of unknown lawyers, through the New Deal and Navy posts, to the U.S. delegation to the United Nations, and to the Governor's Mansion in Illinois.

Mr. Busch's most illuminating passage tells of Stevenson's first meeting with the Democratic "bosses" who picked him as candidate for Governor in 1948. Rather than attempt to condense or interpret Stevenson's political faith, Mr Busch gives extracts from his public and party addresses, and these occupy the latter half of the book, presenting Stevenson's clearly articulated views on such diverse questions as free speech, Communism, the Korean War and other foreign policy problems. This book is a "quickie", with all the faults of journalism in hard boards, but it will serve as a reasonable introduction to the man who will probably be the next American President.

The Password and Other Poems is the correct title of the book by James Reeves to be published by Heinemann—not *The Tree of Life* as announced in our book list published in the issue of October 4.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,182

Set by Frank Dunnill

An adventure story written by Thomas Hardy for an American boys' magazine has recently been unearthed. The usual prizes are offered for extracts (limit 200 words) from contributions such as might have been submitted to the *Magnet* or the *Boys' Own Paper* by Sterne, Peacock, Wilde, Meredith, Gide, Colette, Poe or Aldous Huxley. Entries by October 28.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,179

Set by Martin Jordan

The usual prizes are offered for a chatty character-sketch, of a kind that might appear in a letter to a friend of one of the following, after a close if temporary acquaintanceship had failed to reveal to the writer his subject's identity. Rambler in London (Jack the Ripper); Prowler in Casualty Wards (Salvador Dali); Passenger in Atlantic Clipper (Noel Coward); Nostalgic Sightseer in Gothic Castle (Orson Welles); Traveller from Paddington (Frank Buchman); Guest at Royal Garden Party (Godfrey Winn). Limit 200 words.

Report by Martin Jordan

Almost one competitor in three chose Jack the Ripper, and these yielded a gory (and sometimes repetitive) collection of double-edged wisecracks. "He said it was a favourite practice of his, 'disembowelling the mysteries of nocturnal London'." (Edward Blishen); "I'm sure he will make his mark someday" (P.M.).

The few Godfrey Winn entries were uniformly benevolent, though "he was rather good looking in the sort of way Daddy doesn't like" (Colin Shaw). Orson Welles was admirably summed up by Pat Bullen ("He cupped my face in his hands, fixed his eyes hypnotically upon mine and flung himself dramatically downstairs"). To my regret nobody scored with Dali, and few of the Clipper passengers deserved their brief encounter with Coward. Many entries stuck to the conditions, but the pose of ignorance of the subject's identity was often relaxed. In the end I relaxed as well and decided to admit a couple of the too-glib efforts—mainly because of a certain thinness in the others.

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Honourable mention to those quoted, and to L. W. Bailey and Guy Kendall. Two guineas to Thomas Chitty, one and a half guineas each to Eric Swainson and to Elaine Morgan and a guinea to Avalind.

ORSON WELLES

Many of his remarks seemed addressed to God rather than me. He ate the sausage roll so quickly that I felt bound to offer him my second, and he ate that too. "Gee," he said, turning to me, "don't you guys eat?"

He grasped the banisters and, leaning out over the marble hall, began to recite poetry. I feared he might topple for he was a portly man, but when I remonstrated he shouted, "If Larry can do it . . ." and scowled so fiercely that I thought he would attack me. He took out a flask and drank several draughts. "You think I do this every day," he said. "No no," I replied. After a long silence he said, "You got me wrong."

He showed interest in my book, *Lifemanship*, by Stephen Potter, which he settled against a cornice to read. After an hour in which he never smiled I asked for it back. He gave me a long stare. "Mr. Brown," he said, "it's you that's the genius," and tossed it through the delicate traceries of a turret window. I reascended, somewhat frayed in temper, but he was gone. THOMAS CHITTY

DR. BUCHMAN

I could see that we were in for some compulsory conversation—he weighed us up with a gleaming eye, looking for a likely victim. At Westbourne Park he pulled out a slab of chocolate, broke it into eight pieces and offered it around. One or two of us accepted and—he was in! "Sharing! The secret of happiness I think—What d'you say?" "Yes, I suppose—" "That's it! The only way we can reach out to each other"—and he reached out so far that I couldn't help recoiling slightly! "Sharing, and seeing the other fellow's point of view—it's the only way in a world torn, — etc." "Like Socialism, you mean, fair shares for all?" Perhaps I didn't make it clear that I was offering *my* point of view, because he just went on, "We all ask too much—more wages, more holidays, more leisure, and all along we should be *giving*." — and he gave me a strip of chewing gum. In return, I gave him my *New Statesman*. He was not deterred, but rolled it up into a baton with which he emphasised each point, smacking it rhythmically on his knees, as though trying to give his legs ideas!

ERIC SWAINSON

JACK THE RIPPER

So me and Edna went by ourselves, and we saw a chap staring into a butchers' shop. Edna gave me a dig and asked him what's the matter, you hungry? You know what she's like. He gave us a smile, piercing eyes he had like Valentino and started walking with us. I believe he was a medical student, he was ever so interested in my operation. My hair was all over the shop from the wind and I said I bet I look awful but he said Don't worry he said. It's what's inside a girl that matters to me. When I like somebody I like to look for things in them that other men can't see. Wasn't that sweet. He looked sort of shy and eager but Edna pulled me away you know what she is. Jealous. I don't know when I felt so cut up.

ELAINE MORGAN

GODFREY WINN

. . . "Jammed in a crowd, waiting for the Royal party to approach, when I got into conversation with an extraordinary young man—at least, not really young. Soulful blue eyes and a receding float of hair, that must once have been a 'mop of curls' judging by the way he tossed his head back with a boyish gesture. He chatted to me most affably (a charming voice) asked if I had ever been presented to the Duke who, he assured me, is *a real person* and *absolutely delightful*, when you get to know him. Couldn't quite gather how and where they had met, but apparently on some naval occasion. (Yet he didn't strike me as a Navy type.)

May be a P.R.O. of some kind as when I said something about the awful publicity the Royal family have to endure, especially the idiotic articles in women's magazines, he flared up and said he knew *from experience* that such articles, *if sincerely written*, did nothing but good and brought colour and happiness into drab lives. Would have liked to argue with him, but there was a stir in the crowd and quite suddenly he vanished. . . . "

AVALIND

CHESS : Busting the Door

No. 159

It may be comforting to enjoy the security of one's pieces sheltering behind an unbroken chain of pawns. But this is usually a case applying to both sides, and if one can hope to gain some advantage by opening so close a position it may well necessitate very drastic measures, remindful of the jemmy and the pick-axe rather than a smoothly fitting latch-key. Here is such a position with all the 16 pawns still neatly in a clinch; and whoever thinks that it is a very modern prerogative to indulge in a fancy for such extremely close positions had better know that this one occurred 43 years ago. Still, one of its contestants happened to be one of the budding fathers of "hyper-modern" Chess, a young man called Tartakover, but it was Fleischmann (White) who turned out to be the hero of the piece by prising it open like this.

(1) P-B5	P x KBP	(7) P-K6!	R-R3
(2) P-Kt4!	P x KtP	(8) Q-K5!	K-R3
(3) Kt-Kt5	P-Kt3	(9) R(1)-B5	P x KP
(4) R-B6	K-Kt2	(10) Kt-B7 ch	Q x Kt
(5) R(1)-KB1	B-K1	(11) R-R5 ch	K-Kt2
(6) Q-B4	Kt-Q1	(12) R x KtP mate	

More subtly but none the less effectively Rubinstein opened both the front-door and the back-door sheltering the opponent's King. The position occurred in his brilliancy prize game against Wolf at Tepliz-Schönau, 1922, and I am quoting it from K. Richter's excellent book *Kurzgeschichten um Schachfiguren*. Note how ingeniously Rubinstein immobilises the White Q on the Q-wing while his own Q, by dint of yet another P-sacrifice, forces an entry on the other wing.

(1)	R-QKt1!	(5) B-K2	Q-B7!
(2) Q x P	R-R1	(6) R x P	Q-K6 ch
(3) Q-Kt2	P-R6!	(7) K-K1	Kt-R5
(4) B-B4	Q-R5!	(8) resigns	

A: Bergkvist 1941

In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a rather instructive game position. With his Kt doomed and his K far away White's position looks grim enough; yet, he could force a draw very quickly. How? No less instructive is **B**, an endgame study with White to win. It should be more than amply rated with 6 points. After two such easy pieces **C**—White to draw—should provide a little headache even for our cracks; it is quite instructive too, and it should be worth 7 points.

B: Henri Rinck 1920

C: T. Gorgiev 1950

Usual prizes. Entries by Oct. 27.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 27

A: (1) Q-P6!

B: (1) K-K16, R(4)-K4, (2) R-Q8ch, R-K1, (3) R x R ch, R x R, (4) K-B7 etc.

C: (1) Kt-Kt3 ch, K-R5, (2) K-Kt2, BP queens, (3) K x Q, B-K5! (4) Kt-Kt1!! B x Kt, (5) B-R3! B-B3, (6) B-Kt2! B x B, (7) P-Q7, P queens ch, (8) K-Q2, etc.

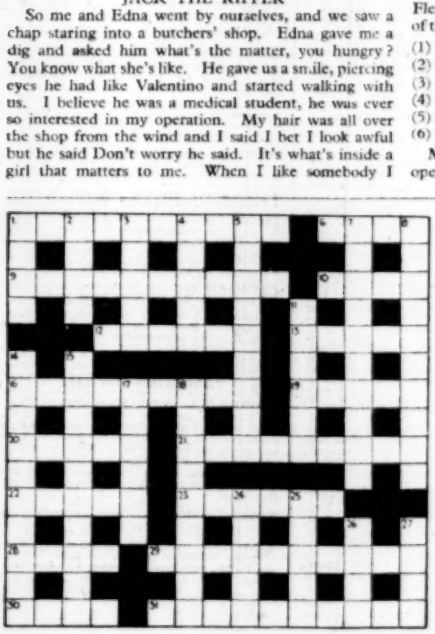
(1. K-Kt2? is refuted by first the BP and then the RP queening, whereupon the Kt is pinned.

If (2) . . K x Kt (3) B-B6 draws easily.

If (4) B-B5 Black wins by B x B. (5) Kt-R1, K-R6, (6) K-Q2 K-Kt7, (7) K-K1, K x Kt, (8) K-B1, B-Q2, (9) K-B2, B-Kt4.)

Almost everybody solved **A** and **B**, and as for **C**, many competitors just dropped 2 or 3 points by seeing the simplest line, but by failing to see some of the considerable subtleties in that study. F. Allan, R. J. R. Hayward, A. J. Roycroft got near enough to drop merely a point, but only six competitors saw every finesse and fittingly share the prizes; D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, J. R. Harman, F. R. Oliver, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider.

ASSIAC



Week-end Crossword No. 18

ACROSS

1. It is a game to gamble on meat—but not horseflesh (10).
6. Foreign Office honour for a French soldier (4).
9. Welshian symbolic house (10).
10. Helen's mother (4).
12. Duty list (6).
13. Give everything back to share out (5).
16. French careerist (9).
19. Soldiers lose their heads and turn about in their tracks (5).
20. Coins for animals (5).
21. Man adored this woman (9).
22. Gate-crasher (5).
23. Louisiana's transport for a seaman (6).
28. Body of husbandmen confused about rustic deity (4).
29. Short-story writer dispenses with love and gains colour, thus developing into a novelist: (5, 5).
30. It is done out of turn (4).
31. The poet would be *comme il faut*, if he had not got a suit on incorrectly (10).

DOWN

1. Cuts off with a shilling in two ways (4).
2. Wearing mid-second century dress? (4).
3. She is concealed by Inspector Maigret at Orleans (5).
4. A backward people with a world-famous statesman at their head (5).
5. It was composed of 24s. (4, 5).
7. Observed from above or not observed at all (10).
8. It is a bitter disappointment to hear the sound of the tea interval (10).
11. Shakespearean character stars without a pie mixture (6).
14. An urchin has something for tea after the game (10).
15. Money tied up for a captain (10).
17. A virgin, but she makes more than a match (6).
18. A trifling drink (5, 4).
24. Undress a sleepy saint? (5).
25. Abbey without a north front (5).
26. Coupled with the peer by Gilbert (4).
27. The burden is ours (4).

SET-SQUARE

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. The Council will shortly appoint a Research Assistant to engage in a community research project; salary in the range £500—£700 according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for two years. Candidates should be qualified in Social Anthropology or Sociology and Statistics. Applications (three copies), stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than November 8, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for an Assistantship in Romance Philology and General Linguistics tenable from January 1, 1953. The initial salary will be between £400 and £550 and will be fixed according to experience and qualifications. Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than November 1, 1952, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in Further Education on the salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grades IX and X of the National Scales of Salaries, i.e. £815 × £40—£1,025 plus London Weighting. The Officer's duties will be concerned primarily, but not solely, with technical education in the broadest sense, and candidates should have had teaching, administrative, or industrial experience in that field. A degree in Engineering or Science is desirable. Application forms and conditions of appointment may be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed (2½d.) foolscap envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom completed applications should be returned by November 3, 1952.

CHILD Welfare Officer with Social Science or equivalent qualification; own car essential, trav. exps. and subsistence paid. Salary Scale A.P.T. I/II £440 rising to £515 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Duties include selection and supervision of foster homes chiefly outside London. Experience with children of all ages required. Applicants must apply in writing by October 28, 1952, stating age, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of three testimonials, to the Secretary, Poundling Hospital, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

CITY of Leicester Children's Department. A qualified Child Care Officer (female) is required on the staff of the Children's Officer. Duties will comprise a complete cross-section of the work of the Children's Department, including Juvenile Court work, Adoption and Boarding-Out of children in the City of Leicester and neighbouring County. Child Care Officers maintain close contact with the Cottage and Scattered Homes and the Committee's Residential Nurseries. Candidates should possess a Certificate or Diploma in Social Science or some equivalent qualification or should have attended a Course in Boarding-Out duties approved by the Home Office. Salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Division Grade III (£535 × £15—£570 per annum) of the National Scale. The appointment will be subject to a medical examination and to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20, Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom all completed applications should be returned by Oct. 31, 1952. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

A PPOINTMENT of Head Teacher. A vacancy will shortly arise for the post of head teacher of the Residential Open Air School for delicate children at the Anthony & Annie Muller Home, Broadstairs, Kent. The School is recognised by the Ministry of Education for 90 Jewish children. Burnham Scale and two increments for Special School Resident or non-resident. Applications, with full particulars, should be made in writing to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, London, E.1.

KENT Education Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of a resident female supervisor at Valence Boarding Special School, Westerham, Kent, for 70 physically handicapped boys and girls aged 7 to 15 (no bed cases). Supervisor under-takes duties in connection with the care and supervision of the children. Salary £270 × £12 to £306 a year; full board, lodging and laundry provided for £78 a year. Applications to Divisional Education Officer, 39 Grove Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells, together with two recent testimonials and names of two referees.

CORNWALL Home Help Service. St. Austell Urban District. A Home Help is required in the above area, who will be prepared to assist the Assistant County Nursing Officer in the Rehabilitation of families. The rate of pay is as follows: Full-time (42-hr. week), £5 17s.; part-time (22-hr. week), £3 0s. 4d. Further particulars may be obtained from Lady Carew Pole, W.V.S. Office, 17 King St., Truro, to whom application should be made not later than October 25, 1952.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences (Mycological research, Insect control and Rodent control) to a total of eight posts, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer, £628-£786 (men), £533-£655 (women); Assistant Experimental Officers, £274-£586 (men), £274-£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Bethnal Green. The Council invites applications for appointment of Warden (male or female) at its Holiday Centre at Redbourn, Hertfordshire. Applicants must be unmarried and preference will be given to candidates under the age of 45 years. The commencing salary is at a rate of £354 p.a. rising by annual increments of £15 to £399 p.a. plus emoluments valued at a rate of £201 p.a. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the undersigned or from Ministry of Labour and National Service, 57 Kingsland Road, E.2. Completed application forms to be returned to me by Sat., October 25, 1952. Canvassing will disqualify.—F. H. Bristow, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2.

OLD People's Welfare: County Organiser for Lancashire wanted. Salary £450. Apply by letter to Secretary, Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester, 14. State age, sex, qualifications, experience and date available.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. Principal: Mr. C. Ellis. Applications are invited forthwith for the post of Warden of Women Students, which will become vacant on November 30. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

RUSKIN College, Oxford, invites applications for the post of Housekeeper. Applicants must have experience of catering, supervision of domestic staff, domestic accounts, etc. Interest in adult education and working class organisations an advantage. Number of students and staff (apart from domestic) approximately 50. Salary £250 per annum, plus full board and accommodation. The post is superannuable. An application form and full details can be obtained from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford. Closing date for applications November 17.

AN opportunity occurs for a young man to enter an old established family business in the furnishing trade as personal assistant to Managing Director of a large scale furnishers. Applicants should be University graduates of lively mind and quick perception, interested in making a career in the business world, willing to take on responsibility and not afraid of hard work. Commencing salary of £725—£800 according to age and qualifications, with fullest possible scope for advancement to highest executive level with commensurate remuneration. Applicants, who should be not more than 25 years of age, should write giving fullest details to Managing Director, Harrison Gibson, Ltd., Ilford, Essex.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5.0 & 8.0. Sonia Dresdel in "Two Loves I Have." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY. (Bus. 5391). "Christmas Bridge." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Hungarian film, "An Inch of Soil." Tues., Oct. 21, 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30. Sun. 6.30. "Condemned to Live," an unusual Thriller. Mems. 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sn. 9.30 "Irving Cabaret." Edric Connor, Prudence Hyman, Hugh Latimer. Mems.

NEW Torch Theatre Club, 50 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. "Le Cabaret du Bon Vin," with E. & L. Berk, Cy Grant, Pamela Manson. Wed-Sat. 9.30, Sun. 8.30. Mems. 5s. p.a. Box Office, 3-10. SLO. 4424.

ATTIC Players present Sophocles' "King Oedipus," transl. E. F. Watling. Toynbee Hall, Oct. 23 and 24 at 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 4s. and 3s. from J. R. Cottle, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 2627, or at door.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 19, The Marius Trilogy. Part 2: "Fanny" (A). From Oct. 20: Part 3: "Cesar" (A). Gerald McBoing-Boing (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Oct. 19, 7.30. "Storm Over Asia" (A) (U.S.S.R.).

NEW Era Film Society present prizewinning Czech film of Zapotocky's famous novel "New Heroes Will Arise." Also "Vivent Les Dockers." Sat., Oct. 18, at 7.30. Holborn Hall. Admission 2s. 6d. Members and their guests only.

OPERA Circle. John Pritchard with members of Covent Garden cast illustrate "The Masked Ball" (Verdi) at 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sun., Nov. 2 at 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Mon., Oct. 27, at 8 p.m. Iso Elinson, Chopin Recital 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & Agents.

GERARD Souzay, Penn Music Club, Sun., Oct. 26, 2.45 sharp, Tylers Grn. Village Hall, nr. Penn, Bucks. Lully, Purcell, Fauré, Duparc & "Dichterliebe." All tkts. unrsd. 6s. at door or Hr. Hon. Sec. R. Fairbairn, Whitehayes, Grove Rd., Beaconsfield.

HARRIET Cohen will preside & play for opening of musical season, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St. W.1. Fri. Oct. 24, 8 p.m.

DR. Edith Sitwell, Dylan Thomas, Gordon Watson, London Symphony Orchestra, Morley College Choir, Cond. Robert Irving. Palace Theatre, Sun., November 16, 7.30. Works by Berlioz, Liszt, Bartók (2nd Piano Concerto), and 1st perf. "The Shadow of Cain" (Edith Sitwell-Humphrey Searle). Tkts. 3s. 6d.-21s., Chappells (MAY. 7600), agents & Theatre on night of concert.

MOISEIWITSCH. Royal Festival Hall, Tues., Oct. 28, at 7 (presented by The English Opera Group). Sonata No. 3 (Kabalevsky); Handel Variations (Brahms); Twenty-four Preludes (Chopin). Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall (Wat. 3191) and Agents. This concert will be followed at 10 p.m. in the Foyer by the Opera Ball 1952 (Chairman: The Countess of Harewood). Tickets 30s. each, including continuous Buffet, from Royal Festival Hall Box Office.

OPERA Ball 1952 (Chairman: The Countess of Harewood) in aid of the English Opera Group. Royal Festival Hall, Tues., Oct. 28, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Guests are invited to come in operatic costume. Famous Cabaret artists include Peter Ustinov. Judges include: Moira Shearer, Cecil Beaton and John Mills. Valuable prizes. Nat Temple and his Band. Tickets 30s. each including continuous Buffet, from Royal Festival Hall Box Office (Wat. 3191). The Opera Ball will follow the Recital by Moiseiwitsch. Tickets: 12s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. from Hall (Wat. 3191) and Agents.

74TH Concert of French Music. Wigmore Hall. Today, Oct. 18 at 3. Works by Fauré, Messiaen, Damase, Ravel, Bernard Lefort (baritone), Jean-Michel Damase (piano), Alex Murray (flute). 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall (WEL. 2141).

ENGEL Lund. Wigmore Hall, Sat., Oct. 25 at 3. Folk Songs of Many Lands, with Ferdinand Rauter, Piano. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d. WEL. 2141 & Ages., & Anglo-Austrian Music Soc., 139 Kensington High St. W.8.

ROYAL Albert Hall—Thursday and Friday, October 23 and 24 at 7.30 p.m. Four Hundred Dancers and Musicians from 24 Lands in Annual International Dance Festival. Tickets 15s., 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Obtainable now from U.N.S.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1. GRO. 2784, and Albert Hall.

NEGRO Folk Music Recital by America's most famous singer of the blues, folk songs and ballads, Big Bill Broonzy, Cambridge Theatre, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 8s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. 4 Earlham St., W.C.2. Temple Bar 1762/3/4.

WINTER sports and Reunion Party for members of "Erna Low" parties in Britain or on the Continent, their friends and other winter sports enthusiasts, October 22, 6.30 p.m. Full particulars from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

W.M.A. Puppet Theatre Group. Puppet performance & technique demonstration by Kate & Lucian Amaral, Saturday, October 25, at 3 p.m., at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm. free.

W.M.A. Central Folk Dance Ensemble. Folk-dancers and those keen to take up such activity are invited to a meeting on Monday, October 20, at 7.30 p.m., at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

W. AFRICAN Stud. Union Dance, Tropic Night Cabaret. Guests of Honour: Jenny Lee & Aneurin Bevan, M.P.s. Chelsea Town Hall, Oct. 31, 7.30-11.30. Tkts. 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by D. Khavatt; Drawings by Michael Ayrton; Sidney Nolan; and Gouaches and Pochoirs by Utrillo. Hours: 10-6; Sat. 10-1. Closes October 25.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George St., W.1. Sculpt. & Drawings by McWilliam. Paintings by Robin Campbell. Until Nov. 8.

APOLLINAIRE Galerie, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Benjamin Creme. Oct. 10-31. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. incl. Sat.

OLD Masters under £25ers. on show at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

DEGAS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Oct. 19. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhibition of Works by Artists of the Galerie le France—Gischia, Lagrange, Manssier, Pignon, Singier, etc.

NEW English Art Club. Members' Exhibition, J. A. Tooth's Gallery, 16 Cork St., W.1. Open daily 10-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Looking Forward": An exhibition of realist pictures by contemporary British artists. Daily 11-6. Sun. 2-6. Closed Mondays.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Sculptures and Drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 80 Posters by A. Gamero on Ketuboth (illuminated Jewish marriage contracts).

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend; Cyclist drawings by Peter Startup. Closing October 25.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

CRAFTWORK Exhibition and Sale at Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Thurs., October 23, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "What are Public Service Commissions For?" will be given by Mr. A. P. Sinker at 5 p.m. on October 21 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Higher Command in War" will be delivered by Field Marshal Sir William Slim at 5.30 p.m. on Oct. 22 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

THE Adlerian Society of Great Britain has been reorganised, and the 1952-53 series of lectures, etc., will begin with an Inaugural Lecture by Dr. A. R. Redfern: "The Aims of the Society." 8 p.m., Friday, October 24, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

THE New Five-year Plan. Five expert speakers. Film Show & Exhibition. Andrew Rothstein (Mon & Plan); Dr. S. M. Manton, F.R.S. (Food & Agriculture); D. T. Richnell (Cultural Facilities); J. Pinckheard (Housing & Building); Prof. J. D. Bernal (Science & Technology). Batterses Town Hall, 8-8 p.m., Sun., Oct. 26. Tickets 2s. 6d. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (WES. 1571). Reduction to 2s. for parties of 6 or more. Book now.

"NATURE Cure—a Way of Life." Talk by James C. Thomson, of the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, on Fri., Oct. 24, 7.30 p.m. 2s. 6d. at door.

A MONTH in Rumania. James Klugman, Jack Lindsay, Rev. John Bliss, Pat Seares, Margaret Airey, and others. W.M.A. Choir will sing Rumanian folk songs. Ann Lindsay, Rumanian poems. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Thurs., Oct. 23, 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Association.

DO You Want To Be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament is now enrolling members for the 55th Session. All Parties and Independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in debates. Meetings, "Town Hall, Wednesdays, 8.15 p.m. Secretary, 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Britain and the World," consecutive Tuesdays, Oct. 28/Dec. 2. Harold Wilson, Noel Annan, Ritchie Calder, Thomas Balogh, Douglas Jay, Hugh Gaitskell, Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, 7.15 p.m. Tickets (non-members), single, 2s. 6d. & 4s.; series, 11s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. Apply Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower Street, W.C.1.): Professor Karl Reinhardt (University of Frankfurt) will give a public lecture entitled "Philosophy and History among the Greeks" on Tuesday, October 28, at 5 p.m. Admission Free, Without Ticket. R. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

PROFESSOR C. D. Broad of Trinity College, Cambridge, addresses a general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on "Phantasms of the Living and of the Dead" at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, October 29, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

MANKIND on the March. Aspects of Co-operation Overseas. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way. October 22, 7.30 p.m. Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones, "Co-operation in the British Colonies." Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Ctte.

FENNER Brockway, M.P. "The Black and the White in Africa." Hampstead Eth. Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn., Sun., Oct. 19, at 7.45.

ALL Nation's Social Club. Parliamentary Debate. Resolution: "That this House has no confidence in the foreign policy of a Conservative Government". Proposer: Desmond Donnelly, M.P. (Lab.); Opposer: Major Tufton Beamish, M.P. (Cons.). Thursday, October 23, at 8 p.m. At All Nation's Social Club, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel.) The public are invited to attend and, if they wish, join in the debate, but must hand in their names to their party whips by 7.50 p.m. on the night. The House will divide at 10 p.m.

"PROBLEMS of the Secondary Modern School," conference called by the Education Advisory Committee, Communist Party, on Sunday, October 26, from 10 to 5, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., London, W.C.1. Speakers: Brian Simon, University Lecturer in Education; Lewis Davison, Secondary Modern School Headmaster. Chair: G. C. T. Giles. Delegates or observers from organisations or individual visitors welcomed.

T. V. BREWER will speak on "Charles Dickens," Oct. 17, 8.30 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

JOHN Stewart Collis will speak on "The Artist and the Work of the World." October 24, 8.30 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

UNIVERSALIST Service. 3 p.m., Sunday, October 19. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, near Victoria Station. Rev. Walker: "The Lord of Life." P.P.U. Pacifist Religious Fellowship.

ZSIGMOND Móricz, the greatest Hungarian writer, died 10 years ago: on Sunday, Oct. 26, Neil Stewart will speak about him, and Alex McCrindle will read some of his short stories; also new gramophone records Hungarian music, at the British-Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, 7.30. Adm. 1s. Refreshments.

ZIONIST Socialist Youth (Young Poale Zion). Wed., Oct. 22, 8.15 p.m. 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. "Jewish Life in the 19th Cent." Speaker: H. Hooberman; and at Co-op. Rooms, 197 Mare St., E.9. "Behind the American Elections." Speaker: Bernard Levin (American Radio Commentator). Thur., Oct. 23, 8.15 p.m. 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11. "Labour Party Conference." Z. Harring (Asst. Sec., Mapai-Israel Labour Party).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 25 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Driant: "Chansons Françaises."

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. N. Nathmann on "Existentialist Psycho-Analysis." Conway Hall, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7.30 p.m.

"EDUCATION in Bulgaria." Wed., Oct. 22, Friends' House, Euston Rd., 6.30. Spkrs. Gladys Driver, Beatrice King. Adm. 1s. Committee for Friendship with Bulgaria.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Oct. 22, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Reform of the Civil Service". Spkr. Bosworth Monk. Adm. 2s.

AT Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Thursday, October 23 at 7.20 p.m. Rev. E. G. Lee on "Ceremony and Symbol in Religion: Their meaning to modern man." Under auspices of World Congress of Faiths.

ANGLO-German Association Inaugural lecture by Stephen Spender on "Pre-War and Post-War Germany." Thurs., Oct. 30, 6.30 p.m. Church House, St. Smith St., Westminster. Mems. free, non-mems. 1s. 6d.

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers' Association, 52nd Annual Lecture: "Sir Thomas Phillipps," by A. N. L. Munby. Monday, Nov. 10, 6.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from A.B.A., 15 Orange St., W.C.2.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Men of Faith." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE United Nations' Fight Against Poverty." A lecture will be given by Marguerite Bowie, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 20, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

35TH Anniversary of the Soviet Union Celebration, Saturday, November 8, 6.30 p.m. Empress Hall, Earls Court. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (CLE. 4164.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 19: S. K. Ratcliffe, "The American Presidency." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League at 20 Pont St., Tues., Oct. 21, 7.45 p.m. Mrs. Beatrice King will speak on Training Highly Skilled Personnel for Industry and Administration. Chairman: Mr. Henry Levitt. All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 21: Mora Burnet, B.Sc., "What Shall We Educate For?" Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Oct. 17: D. F. Alger (Labour Party), "Current Controversial Affairs."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 63 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghyanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 23, 7.30 p.m. "World Religions—Wherein Do They Agree?"—contd.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., October 22, 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture: "The Bodhisattva's Life." Mr. R. Robertson.

LUNCH Hour Talks every Tuesday at 1.10 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W. October 21: "The Discipline of the Present Moment." October 28: "Life Without Worry."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. Oct. 19: "The Rhythm of Life."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"VIEWS on Jewish Topics"—Lecture Course arranged by Zionist Federation, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Mondays, 8 p.m. Oct. 27, "From Basle to Jerusalem—Crisis of Implementation": Prof. S. Brodetsky and Dr. S. Levenberg. Nov. 24, "Judaism in the Modern World": Rabbi Dr. A. Altmann. Dec. 15, "Israel and the Arab States": Jon Kimche. Jan. 26, "The Place of Zionism in Jewish Education": Symposium with Miss B. J. Barwell, L. Gertner, and Rev. I. Levy. Feb. 23, "The Jewish Problem." The Communist View by Prof. Hyman Levy; The Zionist View by Dr. Dov Biegun. Mar. 23, "Israel and British Commonwealth Strategy": R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.—Single Tickets: 2s. 6d. and 4s. Series Tickets: 12s. and 18s. Apply: 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

ST. ANNE'S House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Faith and Civilisation . . ." an enquiry into the influence of religion on European culture. Thursdays at 6.30, October 16 to December 11. "The Dangerous Prime Years": a discussion on the nation's responsibility towards young people, victims of its social conflicts. Mondays at 6.30, October 27 to December 1.

COMMON Cause non-residential Week-end School at White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, Oct. 18/19, subject: "Communism and the West." Sat., 3.30 p.m. Victor Feather (Asst. Sec., T.U.C.); 7 p.m., Countess of Listowel. Sun., 7.30, C. A. Smith. Course ticket, 2s. 6d., single lectures, 1s., from 66c Elizabeth St., S.W.1, or at door.

"INDIVIDUALITY and the Modern Dilemma", by Robert George Miles, 3rd Tutorial Lecture at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, Fri., Oct. 24, 7 p.m. Adm. 3s., syllabus from Hon. Sec., London Panel of Personal Consultants, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

THE Wellgarth Nursery Training College (Inc.), Wellgarth Road, N.W.11. The College proposes to run a two-year course to assist girls who wish to begin their training at the age of 16. This will run in conjunction with the 18 months' course for girls of 17½ years and over. Both these courses have been arranged to comply with the Syllabus of the National Nursery Examination Board. In addition to the specialised training in the care of children, instruction is given in Domestic Science and allied subjects. Students assist qualified Nursery School teachers in the Wellgarth Nursery School. They also receive further education in general subjects. For prospectus and further particulars, apply to the Principal. Telephone Speedwell 3839.

THE International Montessori Association will hold a Diploma Course from January to July, 1953. For further information apply: The Organising Secretary, Montessori Society, 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 463)

More Classified Adverts on Page 462 and 463

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